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Events of the Week.

The general position of the war is overshadowed by the retreat of the Bavarian General von Bothmer from the Strypa. In itself and in its implications, this movement is of cardinal importance. A forty-mile section of front cannot be withdrawn two or three days' march without disturbing the adjacent sectors of the line. These may be weakened or strengthened; but it is certain they must be changed. And the line about Kovel and far to the north, that hung in suspense as the salient was pushed out past Lutzk, can hardly rest firmly now that that salient is to be flattened out to the Russian advantage. Thus Bothmer's retreat throws the Eastern position into the melting pot. How it will emerge depends a little upon the Isonzo offensive, which creeps slowly forward, more upon the Franco-British operations in Picardy and elsewhere, most of all upon the Russian resources in men and munitions.

At the end of last week it became clear that General von Bothmer was falling back from the positions he had substantially held, in spite of the multiplied blows of General Scherbacheff. After the first attempts to force the line had failed, and Bothmer was seen to be trying to pierce the Russian centre as a reply to their flank advances, there can be little doubt that Brussiloff contented himself with containing and holding the enemy. Sakharoff and Lechitsky were reinforced and allowed full rein to drive in the flanks so that Bothmer might be trapped in the centre. It seems probable that Hindenburg was brought south to effect the retirement that had already gathered risk from its delay. So far, the retreat

has been carried out in perfect order. The rearguard performed their function well, and the main army is now free from all immediate danger. Where it will stand, after having lost its best and chosen position, is the problem. It cannot stand on the Zlota-Lipa, since the line is turned in the south almost as far north as Brzezany. The Gnila-Lipa might form a strong line, though Lechitsky is quickly making even that untenable. And if it were to be continued to the north by the Bug, what would become of Kovel? Ruszky's return to the northern army is not without meaning, and when that sector comes to life again, we may expect the old *finesse* and tactical prevision. It is this that attracts our interest once more to the sector about Kovel. This is the connecting link with the northern part of the line, and since the retreat in Galicia implies the admission of the stability of the Russian advanced positions, Kovel becomes immediately unstable.

LECHITSKY, with the southern army, is still pressing forward. He has forced his front past the Jablonitz Pass to create a salient in the Russian line. His left and centre are therefore looking over the mountains to Hungary. His right is moving west and north of Stanislau to Halicz, the capture of which would give the Russians a leverage behind the Gnila-Lipa line, and open another avenue to Lemberg. The two months' offensive just concluded by Russia have given her immense booty. She has taken 7,757 officers, 350,845 men, 405 guns, 1,326 machine-guns, and much miscellaneous material. The material may be made good; but the loss of men is vital and final. As the object of war is to put men out of the fight, the first act of the Russian offensive must be admitted to have taken a fairly thorough revenge for her sufferings last year.

THE Franco-British offensive continues on the course to which we have now grown accustomed. The British have regained the sector of line which a German counter-attack had recovered near Pozières; and we are now in possession of practically the whole of the ridge in which the country here culminates. It is not a decisive advantage; but it is a distinct gain since it opens a window over the falling ground of Bapaume. On Wednesday the attack began on a different part of the newly-won line, and the first results were of some tactical value. The British and French carried about a mile of trenches north of Maurepas, and to the south of the village the French penetrated about a third of a mile eastward into the German system for a mile and a quarter. These two small advances are factors in the reduction of the Guillemont-Maurepas-Cléry region, tending to isolate these villages and render their capture inevitable and less costly. On the same day the French pushed out their front below Péronne.

BEYOND Gorizia the Italians are still making headway. They now hold the Doberedo plateau, that is to say, the western level of the Carso. They have carried the bend of the river Vipacco, and the line now waits on the capture of the plateau east of Gorizia. The line

of greatest advance is along the northern edge of the Carso; but progress is slow, though each day shows some success and the capture of a handful of prisoners. The main factors in our appreciation of the situation are that the Italian pressure is continuous over the whole front, that the Austrian wastage is progressive, and that the advance is not arrested. If it be true that the Austrians attacked in the Trentino in order to prevent Cadorna's offensive, it is probable that the defensive lines yet to be crossed are not strong enough to be depended upon; and for other reasons this would seem to be the case. Still, we do well not to build upon any rapid advance upon this front.

* * *

THE events on the Balkan front must have a bearing on the plan of the Allies. The brilliant General Sarraïl is now in supreme command, the direction of the French troops having been committed to another officer. The Serbs on the left and the French in the centre have now opened operations on their sectors. The Serbs have seized the village of Remli, near Lake Presba, and have secured a footing in their old territory. But the region in which they are fighting is forbidding, and it is hard to think of a campaign there. The French operations have been directed to the capture of the neighborhood of Lake Doiran. They now hold the station and a number of villages. These successes must not be looked at from the standpoint of territory recovered or tactical points seized. Their essential effect is to immobilize the Bulgars and attract thither other enemy forces. In this way the unity of the Allied plan becomes evident, and the pressure they are exerting upon the enemy system grows more complete.

* * *

THE whole aspect of the suffrage question has suddenly and dramatically changed. The Government, taking the line of least resistance, proposed a Registration Bill which its parent acknowledged to be a "makeshift," avoiding, more or less adroitly, new additions to the suffrage, but enabling soldiers, sailors, and war-workers who were on the present register of voters, or were entitled to be qualified, to appear on the new register, even if they had failed to retain their qualifications. In other words, these men would be entitled to vote if they could. But no machinery was provided to enable them to vote, and the great mass of the soldiers could obviously not have been included without an amendment of the Ballot Act. The Bill, therefore, was felt to be unreal, and was so treated by the House. Sir Edward Carson and Sir John Simon—the one speaking specially for the soldiers, the other for the women and for the general cause of a democratic suffrage—united forces and tore it to pieces. The Prime Minister, unperturbed, not only left his damaged offspring in the gutter, but suggested that another and a better child might be substituted for it. He hinted that a Conference or Committee might think out a larger scheme in the Recess, and that any future Parliament, elected on a smaller register, should be regarded as a jerry-built affair, to be pulled down as soon as possible.

* * *

BUT the situation was really governed by the Prime Minister's earlier pronouncement on woman suffrage. This was virtually a withdrawal of opposition. It had, he said, been represented to him:—

"And none of us can possibly deny their claim, that during this war the women of this country have rendered as effective service in the prosecution of the war as any other class of the community. It is true they cannot fight in the gross material sense of going

out with rifles and so forth, but in armament factories they are doing the work which the men who are fighting had to perform before; they have taken the place of those men, they are the servants of the State, and they are aiding in the most effective way in the prosecution of the war. What is more, and this is a point which makes a special appeal to me, they say when the war comes to an end, and when these abnormal and, of course, to a large extent transient conditions have to be revised, and when the process of industrial reconstruction has to be set on foot, have not the women a special claim to be heard on the many questions which will arise directly affecting their interests, and possibly meaning for them large displacements of labor. I cannot deny that fact."

The tide, therefore, has set towards a large, simple, and national suffrage, and this will now be given shape, probably by means of the non-party Parliamentary Committee which the Prime Minister and Mr. Long suggest. The Registration Bill will drop, after having been given a merely formal second reading this session, the Government will be granted a seven months' fresh lease of life, in place of the eight for which they asked, and when the war comes to an end (or before) a real democracy will for the first time be called on to say what the Government of the country shall be.

* * *

THERE is no resisting the impression that Austria-Hungary is passing through a grave internal crisis, but the exact facts are hidden. First came the extension of German military control, with Hindenburg in supreme command. Then there were rumors from Russia that outraged Austrian sentiment was feeling for a separate peace, and Petrograd seemed inclined to go so far as to wonder whether the adoption of a federal constitution by Austria might serve to settle the nationality question. Across this issue loomed the Polish question. The declaration of a Polish Constitution is once more promised as an imminent event, and Austria seems to be pressing against the German Conservatives for some approach to independence for Poland—under Austro-German auspices, of course. A Polish legion has been fighting lately against the Russians, and the Germans seem anxious to settle the political question in order to raise more Polish contingents. Now comes the sudden news that Baron Burian has resigned, that the succession has been offered to Count Andrássy, and that the latter is holding out (so run the telegrams) for terms amounting to what is oddly called Magyar "hegemony."

* * *

WE do not pretend to read this riddle. Baron Burian was Count Tisza's nominee, and we should have thought that these two together sufficiently secured Magyar influence in the counsels of the Dual Monarchy. Count Andrássy has talked much during the war, and talked in some ways rather well. He has championed the Poles. He has poured cold water on various hatreds and extreme policies; he has even said a kind word now and then for England. He has spoken in a promising way about internationalism and a constructive peace—a theme which he once developed with great eloquence in London. All this would not commend him to the German Conservatives, but it might make him a natural ally for the moderate Chancellor. On the other hand, his attachment to the German alliance is not in doubt; he is the son of the man who made it. This great Magyar noble has vestiges of Liberalism in his composition, and, on the whole, we should be inclined to think almost any influence at the head of affairs preferable to that of the Tisza faction, which had a large share in making the war.

CHINA seemed in a fair way, after her dictator's death, to re-establish the Republic peacefully and sensibly. With the usual luck of old empires struggling to reform, the hopeful movement has brought a foreign complication. Japan has at least two promising grounds for intervention. The first of them is an "incident" at a place called Chengchiatung, in the region of Mukden, where Chinese and Japanese troops "collided." The versions which reach London make the Chinese the aggressors, and the Japanese are said to have lost eleven killed and seven wounded. The Chinese Governor has apologized. There seems little reason for pressing this affair, for Japan is already sufficiently mistress of Manchuria. More serious by far are the preliminary signs which suggest that Japan regards the disturbances in the South as a reason for some kind of occupation. It is said that she has asked us not to send troops. Such movements were to be expected after the recent conclusion of the Russo-Japanese Alliance, whose skeleton text was pretty clearly only a framework for sundry agreements on matters of detail, which were not published. The future of Chinese independence and the Open Door probably hangs on the chance of a fairly early peace.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON has been appointed to the command of a new Department, whose business it will be to advise the Government on labor questions. The new office is not a Ministry of Labor (a project about which there is a good deal to be said on both sides). It is rather, it would seem, an advisory body to the Ministry of Munitions, and such a body is urgently needed. We may hope that the mistakes which have occurred in the history of that Department in dealing with such questions as the industrial employment of soldiers and women's wages will in future become impossible. No trade unionist could have assented to the species of industrial conscription adopted at Llanelly. The Government have frankly withdrawn that experiment in reply to criticisms in the House of Commons, though the position of soldiers who are used for civilian work needs to be more clearly defined. They should obviously be passed into the Reserve whenever that is possible. In cases where it is impossible because of the very temporary nature of the work, all military discipline should be withdrawn, and they should be put on the same footing as other workers. On the subject of women's wages under the Ministry, we publish an important letter from Miss Mary Macarthur.

* * *

THE report of the Liquor Control Board is striking reading. It reveals a remarkable diminution in the statistics of drunkenness and the consumption of intoxicating drinks. At a time when it is of great national importance that the nation should lose as little vitality as possible from drunkenness, and that the labor of the country should be employed in producing the necessities of life or war, these facts are very satisfactory. There is still a demand for prohibition from some parts of the country, but our own view is that the Board can act with far greater effect on the lines of its experiment at Carlisle. There is a suspicion that the employers want prohibition in their own interests. The State, by management and example, can show, without any provocative measures or so drastic an interference, how provision can be made for the legitimate wants of the community without the deplorable consequences of the existing liquor system.

* * *

A LETTER from an inhabitant of Lille, which is

included in a French official publication, has been issued by the Press Bureau. The German deportations seemed bad enough in mere idea. But the wickedness was aggravated by the way they were regulated. They were carried out by districts, and the forced evacuation was conducted in the night without any indication beforehand which district might be visited. "It was at break of day that these gallant soldiers, with fixed bayonets, armed with machine-guns, and the band playing at their head, sallied forth to abduct women and children." The deported bore themselves as the French people have done in all their cruelties, admirably. They kept back their tears, comforted those they left behind, and went off singing bravely. The soldiery indulged in much trivial provocation. The vision that shines through this letter is one of spiritual triumph. Servants offered themselves in place of their mistresses, or insisted on accompanying them. Mothers and fathers bore themselves with entire dignity, refusing to be daunted or cast down, comforting themselves with the thought of reunion. How can the honor of Germany recover of such a stain as this?

* * *

THE announcement of the Railwaymen's decision to ask for an increase of ten shillings a week has come as a surprise to many people, but only because they did not know what had led up to it. The Railwaymen had asked the Prime Minister to receive a deputation on the subject of the exploitation of the consumer, but without result. The truth is that the spectacle of rapidly rising prices, and the apparent inability or reluctance of the Government to act, has produced an impression on the workpeople which the governing classes are quite unable to understand. Mr. Harcourt's strange and absolute surrender to the South Wales coal-owners had an immediate consequence in the difficulty which the men's leaders had in persuading the men to work through their usual holidays. The Railwaymen have been watching prices rise since October, when their last rise was granted, and they see nothing done to help the consumer. No doubt they think the Government could do more, but that is no reason why the Government should do less, than it can.

* * *

ONE of the incidental scandals of the Pensions system occupied the attention of the House of Commons on Wednesday, when Mr. Barnes moved the adjournment of the House to secure a discussion before the recess. In a great many cases men discharged from the Army wounded or invalidated have to wait weeks before receiving any of the public money due to them. Mr. Forster, whose eagerness to remove this abuse was recognized by all the speakers, explained that it had been arranged that men in this position should receive 10s. a week if single and 20s. a week if married in the interval while their claims to pensions were under consideration. But these arrangements are constantly breaking down, and member after member cited instances of really cruel hardship. One of them put his finger on the difficulty when he said that the machine was at fault. Would it not be a good thing to substitute civilian for military administration at Chelsea? And a revolution is needed in the official spirit in the treatment of the general question and of the rights of these men who entered the Army after receiving the most lavish promises.

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NEXT week we shall begin a series of articles on Industrial Reconstruction.

Politics and Affairs.

THE COMING OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

THE Prime Minister's speech on registration awakens somewhat contradictory feelings in those of us who have believed for many years that the question of Woman Suffrage was ripe for settlement. The first feeling is one of profound satisfaction. Only one force prevented the realization of suffragist hopes somewhere between 1910 and 1913, and that force was Mr. Asquith's will. Had he thought then as he thinks now, it is fairly certain that in one form or another the Conciliation Bill would have been carried, or else that the Liberal Government would itself have put women into its Reform Bill. That formidable obstacle is now removed, and Mr. Asquith's conversion is the more welcome because it clearly is typical of a generous and open-minded development of opinion among many who were of his way of thinking only two years ago. This evolution is not confined to Liberals. Nothing could well be more whole-hearted than Mr. Garvin's adhesion, which carries the "Observer" with it. We hear of other conversions among former opponents who wield an even greater influence. An unbending minority still remains, and must not be disregarded. But it is now certain, we take it, that if normal conditions prevailed, the Liberal Party would propose the enfranchisement of women as an integral part, and by far the most attractive part, of its scheme of electoral reform. Nor do we think that Conservatives could afford to lag far behind, and, to do them justice, many of them will not wish to. There is no keener suffragist than Lord Robert Cecil, who is now by far their ablest and finest leader, and in those recent years when suffrage had a fighting chance in the House, Liberals learned to respect the sincerity of the Tory group which followed him. The political outlook for women is, therefore, as we read the omens, not only bright, but secure. At the worst, women will have to wait for a full assurance of victory only until the war is over, and our politics have returned to their normal course. From now onwards, their success is so sure that we shall doubtless witness the usual phenomena of opportunism. There is always a notable acceleration in the progress of a cause which has once left behind it the shadows of doubt. A similar progress is going on across the Atlantic, and President Wilson's recent conversion is as symptomatic as Mr. Asquith's. Sweden and Holland are preparing to follow Norway, Finland, and Denmark, as Canada is moving in the wake of Australia. Before many years are over, the peoples of North European origin will have come to consider that a State which hesitates to enfranchise its women possesses an incomplete and backward civilization.

There is, then, reason for real and hopeful satisfaction. But precisely because the prospect is so good, suffragists are in a mood to look very critically at the reasons for delay. For those who urge the one respectable reason that it is not a decent thing in time of truce to snatch at the advantage to over-ride opposition, we confess a certain sympathy. Their case would be stronger, however, if this issue had ever divided the two governing parties. Notoriously it did not, and if women received the vote from a Coalition, the Liberal Party could claim no special credit or gratitude for it. Parliament in this matter is clearly free to do as it chooses, and if it is ready to enfranchise women (as it seemed to be in 1910 and 1911) no other consideration need stand in its way. It may be technically possible that the present Bill as it stands could be enlarged

to admit women, but it would be very difficult. The framework of this stop-gap Bill is too frail to carry a big superstructure. But it by no means follows on that account that we must give up hope of rapid progress while the war lasts, or while the Coalition remains in office. The present Bill is a worthless if ingenious piece of jerry-building, a canvas shelter for a Government overtaken by a Parliamentary storm. It remedies the present anomalous position by making an early election possible, if an election should be necessary. But who in his senses wants an election now? It is carefully framed, so that it adds nothing to the actual grievances of women, by creating new classes of electors. It removes any sense which a soldier or war-worker might have had, that his citizen's rights had suffered by his patriotism. Of what value is that if he cannot vote? But, notoriously, it is not the Bill which any solid body of opinion has demanded. It is not even the Bill which the Government wants. It will not enable the soldier at the front to vote. It does not establish the principle of "one rifle one vote." It leaves standing all the ancient absurdities of our franchise, and yet by offering an interim solution it may delay the larger organic reform. There will be no grief in any quarter if the Bill should be withdrawn.

The concern with which suffragists scrutinize any partial and patchwork reform has nothing whatever to do with any lack of keenness over the soldiers' vote. We certainly should be the last to desire an aged electorate. The hope of a better future for the world rests with the young men who in all nations have experienced the devilry of war—with them and with women. We have no fear that the returning armies in any country, and certainly not in ours, will cast a militarist or reactionary vote. If a simultaneous general election could be held to-day on both sides in all the trenches of Europe, we might see the League of Peace to-morrow. The votes of all these citizens in arms must be polled, and there can be no really valid election until that is possible under the free conditions of civil life. There is one straight way of attaining this end, and that is by setting up adult suffrage. Meanwhile, the objection to tinkering is immensely reinforced by the argument which the Prime Minister himself put so strongly. The war has crowded into two years an extension of women's labor which would hardly, without the war, have gone so far in a generation. Many of these women war-workers are engaging from a sense of patriotism in emergency work which they will not wish to continue after the war. But great numbers, probably the majority, have entered industry to stay in it, and their employers' discovery of their aptitude and their endurance will tend to keep them there. The problem of women's labor was difficult before the war; it will be immensely larger and more complicated after it. Not only will there be the usual conflict in standards of wages and comfort between women and men, but there will often come the painful choice between turning off the substitute-woman to look for work in a crowded market, and refusing to allow a man to resume the place which he left to enlist. If that problem should be handled amiss, it may lead, not merely to a crisis of unemployment and a general sinking of wages, but to the worst of all possible social evils, a bitter struggle of the sexes against each other for bread. None of these evils is inevitable. Forethought can do much to avoid them, and when the crisis comes, a country which has learned that it can survive a war expenditure of five millions a day will make large demands on the providence of the Government, and, if necessary, on the public purse. In all that must be done, the interests of the women

workers may often seem, on a short view, opposed to those of men. There is no guarantee that the long view will be adopted if one section is represented and the other is not.

For our part, we believe that the opposition of interests will arise only if the problem is mishandled. It is an immense gain that the Prime Minister's mind is already busy with this anxious aspect of the problem of reconstruction. His choice of this argument for the enfranchisement of women, and the emphasis which he laid on it, must mean, as in logic it clearly does mean, that every effort will be made to enable women to vote at the next election. For if that chance goes by, they must wait for five years. In vain would they then endeavor to undo or to better the fateful decisions which must be taken in the early months of peace. Their influence as prospective voters on Members will begin to tell from the moment that their early emancipation is certain, but it will not tell if that must be postponed till the second election, five, six, or seven years ahead.

That is the chief reason why we look to the Coalition to act now. It can smooth the path of this reform, and calm the fears of the House of Lords as no Liberal Government could. We anticipate the objection that even now some members of the Cabinet retain their old opinions. They are not indispensable. But while we hold that the Cabinet must assume responsibility for the Bill which enfranchizes women, the initiative in settling the principle might very well be left to the House. The best immediate procedure seems to be to set up a Select Committee of the House of Commons to draft an Adult Suffrage Bill and present it to the Government. Meanwhile, the House itself can declare by resolution this autumn that it desires to enfranchise women. It would thus have given its mandate to the Cabinet, and a Reform Bill, resting on the consent of all parties to the Coalition, might then be introduced early in the next session. Such a mandate would enable the few remaining opponents of the Suffrage to yield gracefully. For want of such a procedure as this, we are falling under a system akin to the old Polish *liberum veto*, by which any minority, however small, if it meant business, could defeat the general will. We must not lose the suffrage, as we are in danger of losing Home Rule, through a few entrenched dissentients. Mr. Asquith's argument that women must have a share in determining their position in the settlement of industry after the war, means that they must have a vote. But it also means that they should have it at the earliest possible hour.

THE POWER TO SUICIDE.

MR. MONTAGU's history of the Ministry of Munitions is much the most impressive picture of war as an industrial organization that has yet been given to the world. It is unique, because no other nation in this war, or in any previous war, ever developed so colossal a thing out of nothing. It is almost incredible, because it shows the industrial, the political, and the mental habit of a highly conservative people turned upside down in a few months. It is magnificent, for it exhibits human energy at its highest, and the stores of it on which we can draw in peace-time for the maintenance and the enrichment of the common life. And it is terrible, because it shows what war has come to mean in turning all this power to waste.

The British Ministry of Munitions was established in May, 1915, with Mr. Lloyd George, the best-known of

the democratic statesmen of our times, at its head. Two months ago it employed two and a quarter million workers, including four hundred thousand women. Its administrative staff consists of five thousand persons, who control the expenditure of a million pounds a day, say about four times the whole National Budget of the early 'eighties. It has put up new buildings covering an area of a million square feet, and one class of its factories alone are fifteen miles in length. It constructs and organizes cities of workers, for whom it provides all the appliances of living and pleasure. It has so increased the output of war material which two years ago we found sufficient for our active Army of two hundred thousand men, that every week it sends across to France as much as the whole of this pre-war stock, could replace the store of machine-guns it possessed when the Ministry was formed in less than a month, can see the British armies spend in a day's bombardment on the Somme as much heavy ammunition as was made at home in the first eleven months of the war, spares six millions' worth of metal a month for its Allies, and yet can guarantee an output equal to its present expenditure. Even these conquests of custom, time, space, and nature fail to satisfy it. Mr. Montagu looks to maintaining the present expenditure on the Somme along the whole line of our front, until we have everywhere established our superiority to Germany's output, and, we suppose, to all her economies and adaptations of it. For the Ministry has drawn on the best brains of the country, and spent them in the creation of "machines of incredible efficiency and exactitude." To this end the greatest inventor has devoted his skill, the humblest workman his leisure. Women have left their homes by the thousand; men have unlearned old trades and habits of labor, and learned new ones. Trade unions have scrapped their whole armory of protection.

Fed thus abundantly, the War that eats us up continually asks for more. Mr. Montagu gave a striking account of the six operations of trench fighting on the offensive that govern the expenditure on guns and munitions, and decree its continual expansion. The first of these processes aims at breaking the enemy's wire and smashing his first line of trenches. In this work field artillery, shrapnel, and trench mortars play their part. The enemy then discerns the impending attack, and tries to stop it by "curtain fire," conducted by hundreds of long-range guns. This is met by a counter fire from our batteries until his are silenced. The attack having been made, and the enemy's trenches occupied, his communication trenches must be swept by fire, so as to paralyze his bombing parties. Later still, the holding infantry are shielded from a massed assault by a barrage fire of shrapnel and high explosives directed against the enemy's supports. Finally, two supplementary services are required. All day and night, in the period when successive attacks are proceeding, the German positions must be kept under fire to prevent the arrival of reliefs and food and ammunition through the area behind his trenches; while the enemy's fortified places come under the heaviest gun fire of all, known as the "*tire de démolition*." See these processes occurring, or liable to occur, in large or in little, over hundreds of miles of front, and realize what it is to have, in Lord Northcliffe's phrase, "a whole South African campaign and a complete Crimea every month."

This, then, is the existing war. But behind the struggle of populous nations pouring out their manhood and wealth over their entire lines of frontier, lies the vision of a greater war still. The German "Liberal,"

Naumann, sees Europe permanently divided by "two long ditches from north to south." The two Europes will thus shut themselves off from each other by a "system of Roman and Chinese walls made out of earth and barbed wire." Who will occupy these Continental lines of fortification and their supports? The smaller nationalities are out of the picture. They cannot afford the war in "long ditches." Room therefore for the great Empires which will supplant them and do their war-business for them. An intelligent Russian general explains the part that these mighty States will be called on to play. General Skugarevski, writing in the "Russkoe Slovo,"* thinks that if Europe fails to secure adequate guarantees against a second German-made war, it will recur in ten or twenty years, and that preparations for it must be begun on a scale which makes Mr. Montagu's figures sink from the sphere of Brobdignag to that of Lilliput. The major European States, exerting their full strength, will be able to call out for war a net 20 per cent of their population, and thus in ten years Russia will face twenty millions of armed and trained Germans with forty million Russians. Only conscription can supply the three hundred thousand officers necessary to marshal these levies, and it will therefore be applied to the Russian youth after an incomplete "middle school" education. But not to these alone. It must be extended to "girls and childless widows, so that more men can be sent to the front." The resulting army of forty millions, including five million artillerymen, will be armed with one hundred thousand guns and a million Maxims. Its most valued supports will consist of thousands of dirigibles, and tens or hundreds of thousands of aeroplanes, equipped with poisonous bombs able to convert large districts into complete deserts, over which every vestige of animal and vegetable life will be destroyed. In a three years' war these hordes will devour the whole cattle supply of Russia, and even in peace time will absorb in bare maintenance one hundred million pounds a year, exclusive of the cost of material. A Ministry of War Preparation will attend incessantly to their wants, and hold the industrial world in bondage to their will. The power of destruction of these hosts will be so great that the dead will be numbered by millions, the wounded by tens of millions.

It is comforting to know that General Skugarevski thinks that Europe's will is still free, and that she need not commit suicide unless she likes. She must therefore, he concludes, labor to find a substitute for war. If Germany is subdued, some such governing and regulative force may be discovered in "public opinion," and expressed in an "international tribunal." Even if this body fails to find and dispose of an armed force, adequate support will be found for it in an incessantly vigilant and deeply alarmed society. All "permissible and even unpermissible means" will be used to give this watching force moral authority and power of intervention against the madness of the State mind, driving its subjects to their doom. We agree; but "public opinion" is not a thing to be extemporized in a kind of mob Parliament. If it is, the streets of every capital in Europe will run red. It must begin its work of sanity the moment the physical balance of war visibly inclines to the idea of "public right." We shall thus be driven to a task which will in effect be the first attempt to organize European democracy for the purposes of true political control. Our search will then be for every kind of restraining force that communities of men and women can devise—

committees on foreign affairs, continually demanding reports from their executives; commissions of inquiry into European subjects of menace and difficulty—racial, economic, or political; a permanently sitting International Council, dealing with policy and linked to the judiciary body, which will act under the Hague Convention; agreements on armaments, coming under regular revision. We have had our lesson; never again must diplomacy be allowed to get out of gear. For, indeed, the war has brought one great discovery. It has revealed vast new sources of human energy. All we have to do is to reverse the wheel, so that Power, which curses man to-day, may bless him to-morrow. And that Power the people must take into their own hands.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF ITALY.

Few episodes in the war have so surprised the world as the capture of Gorizia. The history of the campaign on this front seemed to suggest that Gorizia was impregnable, or at any rate would only fall to a careful and long siege. At least twice there had been definite and prolonged attacks upon the bridgehead. Once the northern sentinel peak, Mte. Tolmino, was captured, but was lost again owing to the delay in the arrival of the reserves. On another occasion, the southern outpost, San Michele, fell into Italian hands, but had to be abandoned, owing to the control exercised from Mte. Tolmino. It seemed almost impossible to seize and make good both peaks at once, and then to have the reserve force to go forward. Yet the actual accomplishment of this difficult task was due to a feint attack about Monfalcone and a sudden overwhelming onslaught on the two peaks that covered the town and bridgehead.

It is difficult to appreciate the achievement justly without exaggerating or misconceiving the Italian campaign. Gorizia could not have been taken without skilful generalship, combined with superb courage in the troops. It represents a careful and skilful correlation of numerous separate actions. Indeed, the whole frontier tends to encourage if not actually impose a high level of individual character. A handful of soldiers must hold for many weary months an observation post on some outlying peak, cut off from all supplies, reinforcement, and direction save for the steel cable that guides a cradle across a chasm in the rear. A cave must be held in order to command a possible though precarious approach, and the task is again committed to a fraction of a company of the splendid Alpini. It is because the environment has conditioned this sort of warfare and produced the material that wages it most successfully that we do well to measure the achievement and prospects of the capture of Gorizia by different standards.

We can cordially congratulate our Ally on his success without losing our balance as to its probable sequel. There is a tendency in Rome to regard the capture of Gorizia as in some way decisive. Symptomatic it may be; but it is not decisive. We do not readily imagine Cadorna's troops on the way to Vienna in the near future. The left flank of an army marching in that direction would be open to a far too imminent threat, and it would leave a long line of communications open to attack from Germany. There are better chances in the direction of Trieste and Pola, and the latter, Austria's chief naval base, suggests an attractive line of speculation. But the season is unfavorable to an advance, unless it is greatly quickened in its passage through the hill country. Yet we are justified in

* Translated in the Russian Section of the "Times," July 29th.

regarding the Trentino offensive as a colossal blunder, since it courted the Russian disaster and merely postponed the less weighty blow across the Isonzo. And in this statement lies the key to the situation. Italy's chief military contribution has been until now, and will be in the future, the attraction of troops to this area; and if a certain point can be passed with reasonable speed, Austrian reinforcements will be called for with a constantly accelerating pace. Once east of Trieste, Italy will require skilful holding if disaster is to be avoided. Had not the diplomacy of the Allies alienated Jugo-Slavia, Austria's position would have been even more critical.

It is in this direction that we are most sensible of the Russian services to the Allied cause. The Austrian centre is at length in retreat, and the Russians have taken the northern mouth of the Jabloniza Pass into Hungary. How do these operations affect the forces concerned in them? Russia has taken in her two months' offensive some 360,000 prisoners. If we add to this number the Austrian dead and wounded, and even the admitted German casualties, we cannot make the total far short of a million. Harden recently consoled his readers with the reflection that the Germans had that number still available, and we must realize that, in extremity, double the number may be withdrawn from industry. That it is insufficient is plain. Hindenburg would not have received his extended command unless the state of things had been critical, and he would not have counselled, or even permitted, Bothmer's retirement if he could have prevented it. The whole conception of victory in German eyes depends upon the presumed stability of the German lines. A retreat may have, to some extent, improved the enemy position on the Eastern front. But it involves the admission of instability, and such an admission, fatal as it is to the German contention, suggests the stern pressure of necessity. Bothmer is falling back in good order; but that he has lost in two months some 56,000 officers and men prisoners, argues a Russian superiority that nothing can explain away. And where will he stand? The Bug-Zlota-Lipa line is untenable, as it is already turned by the advance on the southern flank. The Russians, in securing the Carpathian bulwark in the Bukovina, mean to prevent a concentration to the north by their threat to the Hungarian plains. The whole incidence of the struggle is cast back once more upon the vital problem of numbers. The fall of Lemberg would almost certainly have the twofold result of weakening the Kovel sector at the same time that it attracted more troops to the Carpathians. And the reappearance of Ruszky in the north is not without its significance. Brussiloff has shown himself to be an extraordinarily skilful and aggressive leader. Ruszky, his old colleague, has many triumphs to his name.

The campaign, the Germans are never tired of repeating, is one. The pressure on the Eastern Front has not yet reached its maximum. The Isonzo offensive is merely at the beginning. The Western advance has not yet developed fully. Yet each front is calling continually for reinforcements. It is almost impossible for Germany to sustain the Eastern front alone; but if she cannot achieve this, she must infuse new life into the Austrian resistance against Italy. She can only withdraw troops from any front at her peril; yet she has no alternative. That is the unique character of this stage of the war. Germany is faced with a variety of calls, a number of which she can meet, but not all. Which will she choose to ignore? It is probable that we shall soon see a readjustment on the Eastern front. Hindenburg has, no

doubt, been placed in command to carry out the retirement in case of necessity. But even he cannot achieve the impossible, and the army that is to redeem Germany's boast is far weaker than that which first gave color to it. The sternest part of the war is before us; but the signs are that the tide has clearly turned.

THE PROBLEM OF FATIGUE.

THE Report of the Committee on Holidays shows how important it is to consult working-class opinion, and to make use of working-class experience in organizing emergency measures during the war. This Committee has reported that though it is impracticable to arrange a series of holidays by relays, it is essential to give munition workers and munition machinery a rest, and a four days' holiday is to be taken next month. As a matter of fact, the system of holidays by rotation is now in force in many places, such as Manchester, and in other places, as on the Clyde, a longer holiday is to be given immediately. This means that the policy of abandoning holidays is definitely discarded, and that the advice of the Committee on the Health of Munition Workers has now been taken. The Committee, which includes eminent doctors, officials, and representatives of labor, was appointed last year to inquire into all questions affecting the health of munition workers. It has published reports from time to time, and the whole series form a contribution of great value and importance to industrial literature. Certain superstitions die hard, and they have a habit of reviving when they are supposed to be comfortably dead and buried. This is notably true of the superstitions that sprang up in the early phases of the Industrial Revolution. To the expectant and bewildered generation that watched the first stupendous changes in the life of the nation, all progress seemed to depend on the ceaseless feeding of the new machinery with the labor of men, women, and children. Nothing else mattered, or, rather, any attempt to humanize this new world was a distracting and therefore a dangerous proceeding. Long hours, an existence of sheer concentration on a routine of work, swallowing up all family and social life, discipline that made a factory into a prison, these were the price we were to pay for the triumphs of our industrial conquest of the world. In one of his famous speeches on the Reform Bill, Macaulay drew a telling picture of the wonders of the new age. Economists explained that to try to regulate this revolution and to check the human sacrifices it involved was to put the progress and happiness of the human race in peril of destruction.

The confident conclusions of the economists were never accepted by the workmen, and they were gradually modified as the result of discussion promoted by the indignation or compassion of public men of the day, as the result of working-class agitation culminating in Chartism, and as the result of positive industrial experience. But the spirit that reconciled men to the tragedy described by Mrs. Browning, or to the state of things recalled in the memories of Darius Clayhanger, is always reappearing, and the Committee on the Health of Munition Workers found it necessary to invoke the teaching of experience in order to correct similar fallacies to-day. "Our national experience in modern industry is longer than that of any other people. It has shown clearly enough that false ideas of economic gain, blind

to physiological law, must lead, as they led through the nineteenth century, to vast national loss and suffering. It is certain that unless our industrial life is to be guided in the future by the application of physiological science to the details of its management, it cannot hope to maintain its position hereafter among some of its foreign rivals, who already in that respect have gained a present advantage." It seemed to many people in the urgent crisis of the need for shells that the right policy was to lengthen the hours of work, get rid of Sundays, abolish holidays and relaxations, and to speed up the human energies employed in the factories to their maximum pace and endurance. All this, as wiser employers found out soon, was a mistake of the gravest kind. What it meant, as the Committee pointed out, was that the country was involved in the "extravagance of paying for work done during incapacity from fatigue just because so many hours are spent upon it, and the further extravagance of urging armies of workmen towards relative incapacity by neglect of physiological law." For the effect of this pressure was at once to limit output and to impair the health of the workman, who was working longer hours and turning out fewer shells. The trouble is that men are tired before they know it. "During the continued performance of work, the objective results of nervous fatigue precede in their onset the subjective symptoms of fatigue. Without obvious sign and without knowing it himself, a man's capacity for work may diminish owing to his unrecognized fatigue." When Adam Smith, running counter to all the teaching of his time, declared that workmen were in danger of overworking themselves, he was anticipating this physiological discovery.

Another conclusion follows from the arguments of this Committee. It is evident that workmen are only saved from a complete breakdown under continuous pressure by slacking. What the Committee call "a tradition of slowed labor" has grown up in the working-class world "probably in large part automatically" as a kind of physiological self-protection. And if this had not happened, industry would have suffered, for the extra fatigue would have told on output. The Committee gave illustrations of the result of interrupting work in certain factories with breaks of a quarter of an hour every hour. Output was actually increased. It would be stupid and wicked to disregard all this evidence, and to suppose that holidays could be postponed indefinitely. The truth is that our immediate, and not merely our permanent, interests demand that most careful provision should be made to secure holidays and recreation for the makers of our shells and fuses.

The history of this question shows how necessary it is that the workers should have a voice in the arrangements of industry. Those who studied the report of the Committee last year on the difficulties caused by enlistment in the coal-mining industry will remember that the Government were urged strongly by inspectors and coal-owners to reduce still lower the age, already shamefully low, at which children can be sent down the mines, and that it was the strong resistance of the miners to this policy that determined the Committee to reject it. Mr. Smillie evidently thinks that even now the position is not quite secure, for in a speech last Tuesday urging the miners to work on Saturdays, he warned them that otherwise this retrograde measure might be forced on them. When Governments think that they can regulate the lives and conditions of employment of the working classes without reference to their wishes or their experience, they are always in danger of relapsing into one of those besetting fallacies against which our only real guarantee is the power of the classes that have suffered under them.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

How false the saying which denies that there is an indispensable man! I never thought it false than when I heard of the death of Richard Cross. I do not know how many of my readers knew this best of men in one or another of the works which his unrelenting hand found to do. I suppose that to him flowed more need, private and public, than to most of the conspicuous "helpers" of our day. Who would not fly to such wisdom and insight, such temperance of character, such knowledge of the accustomed ways of the world no less than of its deeper secrets, joined to so much Christian love and forbearance? Two or three avenues of service lose at once their ablest guide. He was essentially the directing intelligence of the Liquor Control Board, to whose work he brought the experience of a life-time, as well as a lawyer's mind, so broad and generous as to carry with it all the excellences and hardly any of the defects of its kind. His energies were indeed dispersed—too widely, alas, even for his exceptional powers of physical endurance—but never to the point of weakening the originality and richness of his contribution. One need not mourn for a soul like his, which has slipped happily out of a world of grief. But how much the poorer it is and will be for his loss!

Mr. Cross was a remarkable type of the "Friend" in public life. He was not a Quaker *pur sang*, and never, I think, quite accepted the Quaker view of war. But he was Quaker in his quietude and sweet reasonableness of mind. Affairs did not disturb or excite him; rather, when they became turbulent was he stirred to give them the best that his intellect, which was singularly ingenious and adaptable, afforded. Feeling sank inward, and became activity of soul. I never knew a mind that worked more continuously, or demanded more effort from its companions. And how gentle its setting, how forbearing its judgments, how humble its attitude! Not often are such men made; not often do their characters bear such fruitage as his.

THE suffrage has taken such a bound forward as to leave some of its friends quite out of breath. In essence it is settled. The walls have fallen before the magic word, Reconstruction. No Parliament dealing with Reconstruction can be chosen on other than a national basis; and such a basis is unthinkable if women are left outside the electorate. But the breach once made proves to be of the widest character. With the Registration Bill nothing can be done; it is too small, technical, and narrow. The real problem is seen to be one of adult suffrage: the admission of the nation as a whole to the great inquisition on its state that must be opened as soon as the war is over. Therefore, with the Prime Minister's opposition formally withdrawn to the one great obstacle to a national suffrage, the larger personal and political barriers fall away, and the question arises on its true basis. The immediate point is to prepare the way for the change. This can best be done through a Committee of the House, representing all parties, and working through the Recess at a Bill which the Government can receive as a mandate from Parliament. This will probably be the aim of the Conference which will meet on Monday and arrive, I hope, at a promising conclusion.

It is here that one begins to approach the one moral gain of the war. It has produced a certain exaltation

of the English spirit. The Coalition is a niggling business; but the temper of the people is not niggling. Large ideas are more in consonance with it than formerly. The impulse is now to go forward; to quit the ground of compromise and reach an open space. That is really the best hope for the future not only of our political, but of our industrial system. In the old days, however much you argued and appealed and sentimentalized, you felt that strong inert forces were against you, and that you were not likely to move them. But I doubt whether after the war we shall find capital immovable, opening out on the old lines of the class war, any more than we shall see workmen bent mainly on putting sand into the machinery of output. Is that surprising? We shall all be on the edge of a pit of ruin. How escape it unless we can develop some kind of a common will and instinct of mutual service?

I HAVE often recorded the evidence that goes to show that the soldiers' feeling about the war is, on the whole, broader and deeper than that of the civilians who speak for them. This feeling has many strains to it, for the armies contain as many kinds of character and temperament as the nation itself, and their strange life affects them very differently, hardening some, and accustoming nearly all to an abrupt, slangy, outwardly callous expression of their experiences. You would think that some of them were ogres by their talk. But much of this is jest or affectation, and it is commoner to hear them speak of the enemy with respect, even with admiration for his gifts of fighting and working, qualified here and there by the feeling that he is rather a "foul fighter." It is more surprising to find how critical many of these young men are of our home politics, and how they regret the tendencies that we begin to regard as the commonplaces of government by Coalition. "We can't understand," said one young officer the other day, "how you give up your principles so easily—Free Trade, liberty, and the rest. What we often hear at the front is that while we went out to fight Germany for freedom, you at home care little for it, and that when we have beaten her in the field, we shall come back and find that you have let her beat you in ideas."

THESE are days in which, I suppose, it is meet to sit in sackcloth and contemplate the unwisdom of the world. I am sometimes more moved to wonder why its governors should be so improvident of its future. We are in the midst of a most dire convulsion. Its immense obscurity and disturbance make it more than ever impossible for men to see what a day will bring forth. Yet our Sons of Wisdom never cease proclaiming how they are going to act when it is all over. Take Mr. Asquith. He has, I imagine, a peculiarly calm, unflammable intelligence. Yet, driven by the wind of clamor and by the odious conduct of our enemies, which gives such gusts their force, he is perpetually giving notice of what our after-war relationship with Germany will be. One day we are going to hang the Kaiser. The next day we are going to refuse diplomatic relationship until she gives us satisfaction for the murder of Captain Fryatt. Well, we may have to say or do this or that; Germany is in such brutal, such stupid hands, that there is no telling how completely she will succeed, before the war is over, in exiling herself from the comity of Europe. But is there any sense in giving notice to the world that we intend things which we may find it impossible or inexpedient to carry out? I see none. If Sir Edward Carson's rather elementary mind sees no

harm in these attempts to force his country's hand, the Prime Minister's much less primitive intelligence ought to discern the evil of yielding to them. They are hard to resist; but is it not at least the course of prudence to formulate a policy with our Allies before taking the world into a confidence we may never make good?

I HAVE read Mr. Rankin's reminiscences of Lincoln with a good deal of pleasure, though not with the feeling that they really achieve their task of correcting or supplementing Herndon's brilliant study of his old partner. Mr. Rankin was a student in Lincoln's and Herndon's law office, and did not lose sight of Lincoln in later years. Perhaps his most interesting domestic touch is his picture of Lincoln devouring Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" after, as he said, barely saving the book from being "purified in fire by the women." Lincoln was one of the men who got culture as some get religion without going to seek it. Certainly, according to Mr. Rankin, he fixed at once the place of a poet in whose mind he himself figured as hero and representative man. Is not that a curiosity among literary "appreciations"?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE MEMORY OF RICHARD CROSS.

AMID the Cumberland hills, some four miles from Cockermouth, in a beautiful and lonely spot, is an ancient Quaker Meeting-house. Close by is a mound on which George Fox stood and preached in 1676, converting to his novel Christian faith, so sound tradition tells, the entire population of the country-side. In this burial ground was laid last Monday the victim of a sudden accident, one whose death is for those who knew his worth and work not only a private sorrow but a public calamity. To the wider circle of our readers, the name of ELIHU RICHARD CROSS is perhaps scarcely known, though the growing recognition of his remarkable capacities for public service made it certain that in the difficult times which lie before us his able constructive intellect would have given him a high position in the counsels of the State. How much THE NATION owes to one who, from its beginning in 1907, has been its Chairman of Directors, and the valued counsellor and friend of its writers, can only be understood by those brought into close relations with a personality of so much goodness and strength. And yet this work of helping to steer our journal through the dark and perilous waters in which we toss was but one of the multifarious labors, public and private, on which Richard Cross spent himself so lavishly. Members of the Society of Friends to which he attached himself in early manhood know much of the detailed devotion which he paid to the spiritual and practical concerns of their Society. The men and women who have lived and worked with him in Scarborough and York have had closest experience of that moral and intellectual gift of common-sense, so rare in the degree in which he possessed it, and so necessary to the safety and progress of a community. It is to the small, but, happily, persisting crop of these strong, solid, responsible men, springing mostly in the North from Nonconformist country stock, deep-rooted for many generations in the soil, that this country has chiefly looked for the health and advancement of its municipal and national life. But no generalities of stock and environment go far towards explaining any of the higher and more individual qualities which won the affection and secured the confidence of all who knew Richard Cross. For his was a rich, abundant nature, flowing freely with unsuspected

tastes and qualities even for those who thought they knew him well. Though, in the busy profession of a lawyer, and with his largely added public labors, he had little time to give to literature and the more speculative intellectual arts, he had fed a retentive memory with English poetry, and his firm acceptance and large interpretation of "the inner light" made him eager to gather and to appreciate the new thoughts and evidences of the spiritual nature of man and the universe contributed from so many sources of modern investigation. A buoyancy of temper, a natural and cultivated disposition to see and to create "the brighter side," made him appear to all men one able to bear responsibility, with the result that all were a little too willing to put responsibility upon him. As in these later years, he was drawn out into spheres of larger public activity, one of the most energetic workers in the Land Inquiry, and occupied during the last year in the arduous duties of the Liquor Control Board, he would not drop his earlier tasks, and so found that even his great capacities for service were overtasked. Nobody who knew him well was surprised that this should be so. There are natures so lovable and so attractive that they win the sincere friendship of all with whom they are brought into contact. But such friendship does not always contain that quality of inner confidence which leads us to seek counsel and impose responsibility. For this a deeper anchorage of gravity is needed. It is to be noted how a quite common instinct leads even those of lighter mind to recognize the safety which such gravity accords. Such a nature is rightly said to "invite confidence," and the total burden of responsibilities thus accumulated is apt to be excessive.

But in the great conflict between "to get" and "to give," by which the nature of man is torn, it is a great help to look upon a life in which giving has had so conspicuously the upper hand. Scores of persons, with no "claim," came to Richard Cross for advice or aid in some trouble, and none went empty away. Everybody knows that if there were scattered all over the world even a sprinkling of men with this free gift of help, the world itself would be miraculously changed. For though ordinary human kindness is much more abundant than the somewhat cynical usages of speech encourage us to think, the quality of sane judgment, quick, resourceful, and based upon wide knowledge, is too seldom linked with it. Here lie the roots of confidence in the practical wisdom of a man or woman, the inseparable union of spiritual qualities, which we perhaps falsely separate as intellectual and moral, and which make up goodness.

Three widely different scenes will hold in my memory the portrait of my friend. The first is the sight of him in the Spring of 1900, leaving the wrecked Rowntree Café at Scarborough, after a broken-up meeting where Mr. Cronwright Schreiner was to have spoken, surrounded by a mob of public-house patriots, who buffeted him as he moved quietly among them, offering no defence and making no word of reply to their jeers and words of hate. The next scene is of an entirely different quality: a quiet little committee, meeting during the first year of this war to discuss the possibility of formulating some proposals of international co-operation for the prevention of future wars. Week after week we met, slowly building up by elaborate discussion the draft of a scheme which might satisfy the conflicting canons of the ideally desirable and the practicable. There were amongst us several men of ripe and acknowledged wisdom in the worlds of political thought and practical statesmanship. But I feel certain that our colleagues would agree that in that most difficult task,

upon the due execution of which the safety of civilization itself in the near future must depend, Richard Cross brought the firmest guidance of all, and the strongest comprehension of the exact nature of the difficulties which we had to traverse. Here the test was one of sheer intellectual vigor and concentration, for we were in close sympathy upon the desirable end to be attained. Among men, two or three of whom would be recognized as the best accredited political thinkers of the day, Cross, by no express effort, but by the ordinary process of contribution to a common task, showed powers of thought which, were it worth while to make such comparisons, would rank as pre-eminence. His capacity for climbing steadily a difficult steep of thought without losing a foothold was most remarkable. Hardly less notable was his persuasiveness by sheer appeal to reason and the sense of fairness. No man whom I have known was better able to reconcile those divergencies which come, not from rooted differences of principle, but from differences of stress and interpretation, or, as is quite frequent, from half-conscious feelings of personal pride or prejudice. The typical peacemaker is too often presented as a merely mild moralist, whereas what is needed often is tough-mindedness.

The last scene is one whose quality must always retain a specially personal note. It was a walk upon the beautiful hills looking down on Buttermere two days before his death. On such occasions it was that his rich comradeship, the mingling of grave and gay in his talk and bearing, all those qualities which won for him the trust and love of all sorts of men, seemed to flow out on to the sunlight and the mountain breezes. Snatches of talk upon the borderland of politics (for the most part wisely banished), chaffing conversation with personal anecdote, rapid quotations from Wordsworth, of which he held large store, interspersed with the pleasant labors of the climb, went to the making of a day, the memory of which will always remain with those of us who shared that day with one whom we loved so well, and who has so suddenly been snatched away from a world which has such need of him and of the few that are his likes.

J. A. H.

OF FEAR.

THERE was once a child so possessed by the devil that he would sit paralyzed at the foot of the nursery stairs, being afraid to go up alone in the dark, though he heard comfortable voices on the top. Day and night he was haunted by fear—of ghosts, of murderers, of dwarfs and giants, of burglars, of faces that might look through windows, of hands that might come feeling round open doors, of creaking furniture, and of things nameless and void. He was terrified of loneliness, but people terrified him more, and the horror of a party inevitably approaching weighed on him like an execution for many days beforehand. Acquainted with no literature but the Bible, he envied Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like oxen, and wet with dew in the wilderness. Knowing hymns for his only poetry, he loved the line, "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," equally with the verse:—

"Could I but find some cave unknown,
Where human foot had never trod,
Yet there I should not be alone,
On every side there would be God."

But in that verse he loved only the first two lines, making them a wish, not an hypothesis; for where no human foot had trod, he might possibly escape from fear.

In boyhood, his terror increased. He made wide detours in hopes of avoiding quite friendly people. If he saw them approaching up a street, he would turn

and run. At school, he hid in woods for fear of his playmates. He shammed sick for weeks to avoid them. At the sound of a master's rage he almost lost consciousness. Though naturally idle, he was driven by fear to overwork. At the university he stood trembling before a shy tutor's door, and went away without knocking. He made a record by refusing the Dean's command to breakfast, unable to face either the Dean or his daughters. Often he went hungry because, when it came to the point, he could not bring himself to walk up Hall to the scholars' table. Cast upon the world, he refused fair chances of a competency in his fear of a possible employer. Though he thought he could write, he avoided publishers and Fleet Street like the pestilence. He was like the man who wanted to be a tailor, but had not the courage. Caught at last by a pitying editor, he suffered such terror before every evening's work that from the Embankment he watched the Thames as a possible escape.

Suddenly, however, he plucked up courage. He submitted himself secretly to a course of mental homœopathy. "If terror is your disease," he said to his soul, "drug yourself with terror." His few friends were astonished to see him join the Volunteers. As a guide in life, he first took for his motto, "The better part of discretion is valor," but finding that too long, he changed it to "Fear only Fear," perhaps remembering that saying of Montaigne's: "It is feare I stand most in feare of. For, in sharpness it surmounteth all other accidents." In the same essay, perhaps, he also found a parallel to himself in the story how, at the siege of Saint Paul by the Earl of Bures, horror and fear did so choke, seize upon, and freeze the heart of a gentleman, that having received no hurt at all, he fell down stark dead upon the ground before the breach. To escape such a death's perversity, our friend, with resolution, battled on the windy plains of Aldershot, shared the greater perils of various wars, exposing his safety to hunger, plagues, and wounds, consorted with generals and sergeant-majors, visited the haunts of slavers and cannibal tribes, confronted the countenance of the threatening Cabinet Minister, and faced women in their homes. After many years of this rigorous treatment, he tells us he can now assume the virtue of a courage he has never possessed, can move about the world without reproach, and usually suppress all external evidences of terror, even though, in moments of deadly peril, or of encounters with authority, or of social intercourse, his inward fear causes him as much anguish as in boyhood.

Many are like him now. Many in our new armies, we suspect, are like him. Probably the Greeks drew distinctions between the different kinds of courage, of which this assumed and unnatural courage is one. But so far as we for the moment remember, the first definite example of its analysis was the often-quoted case of the Crimean officer who, being ridiculed for obvious terror by his men, retorted, "If you were half as afraid as I am, you would have run away long ago." In one of Lord Wolseley's essays, he says that for practical service in the field he prefers the natural, unconscious, or wild-beast courage. Napoleon would probably have said the same, for in his *Maxims* he writes that such conscious motives as love of country or some other enthusiasm may be of advantage with young and half-trained soldiers, but the fortitude which he placed higher than courage can only become part of the soldier's nature by hardship and want, suffered under good instruction and severe discipline. We cannot dispute such authorities, but the kind of courage and fortitude they demand is rather to be found in professional or regular armies, such as that superb force which we sent to France just two years ago,

than among our present officers and men, few of whom had any thought of becoming soldiers till the war struck us suddenly between the eyes.

As it is, our generals must put up with troops who, to a large extent, possess only the secondary or deliberate kind of courage, and are more conscious of fear than the old professional soldiers were, no matter how gallantly they conceal it. It is a good kind of courage, and the men are probably cleverer than in the old army. The weakness of this kind is that it cannot always be securely depended upon. It may vary from day to day with health, or even with the weather. It is subject to imagination and to panic. There was a sergeant-major condemned to death for cowardice in France last year, but the general, thinking he looked rather "livery" (as well he might!), gave him another chance in the ranks. At the next "shove" his bravery was so distinguished that the sentence was wiped out and the stripes restored. We have known a man who some years ago volunteered for a war in which this country had no concern. He was inspired by love of a cause, love of adventure, hope of displaying courage, or what not; but when the firing began, he hid behind a rock and rejoiced when a "cushy," or comfortable, little wound sent him home. More than once the present writer has in this war seen average British battalions scurrying about like disturbed ants, paying no heed to officers, and running in every direction but the right one, just because the imagination of death had been too much for a few of them, and the infection had caught the rest.

In conscript armies, where men are forced into the ranks without any consideration as to their fitness for soldiering, this sort of imaginative panic is more likely to happen than among even the new troops of voluntary armies. Though all the French and British soldiers in the field pay the natural tribute of brave men to German bravery, and though the record of such regiments as the Prussian Guards cannot be surpassed for apparent indifference to death, this week has brought many stories of raised hands and crowding surrenders in German trenches. The story of one German who offered the contents of his pockets as a bribe to his British captors not to cut his throat has gone the round of the correspondents. From similar events one of them concludes that "the German is, beyond all doubt, of baser metal than our men." That may be so, and we believe it is; but events of this kind, happening in young, half-trained, and conscript armies do not prove it. No one who has not tried can have any conception how he will behave when the moment of peril comes—when the "Minenwerfer" shell is visibly lumbering towards him, or the air flashes with shrapnel, or the signal "over the parapet" comes.

There are few who can realize or describe the horror of modern war while they are in the midst of it. Most men are too much occupied with their own "bit" or their own safety. There is also a point at which the imagination becomes torpid or paralyzed to horror, as one steps over soft and yielding bodies or avoids greenish hands and faces projecting from the earth. Of all the descriptions of this war from the inside, there are very few to equal "The Great Push," by Patrick Macgill, the stretcher-bearer navvy (Herbert Jenkins). It is so true a picture that we doubt if it would have been permitted or endured at the beginning of the war. At all events, the present writer's account of fighting in Flanders, as accurate as he could make it, was refused publication in this country. But we have steeled ourselves since then, and even the new cinema, representing death in an attack, is authorized officially. So in Corporal Macgill's book we find true accounts of horror and of fear. Of a

scene where the limbs of men were lying "all over the place," he writes:—

"The harrowing sight was repellent, antagonistic to my mind. The tortured things lying at my feet were symbols of insecurity, ominous reminders of dangers from which no discretion could save a man. My soul was barren of pity; fear went down into the innermost parts of me, fear for myself."

Or again, when he was bringing in a wounded man who could just walk:—

"When we came to the places where the dead lay six deep we had to crawl across them on our hands and knees. To raise our heads above the parapet would be courting quick death. We would become part of that demolition of blood and flesh that was necessary for our victory. . . . On either side we could hear the wounded making moan; their cry was like the yelping of drowning puppies. But the man who was with me seemed unconscious of his surroundings; seldom even did he notice the dead on the floor of the trench; he walked over them unconcernedly."

Thus can fear paralyze the ordinary emotions of even unusually courageous men. It can paralyze thought so that sometimes it is only on return to peaceful places like England that one realizes the meaning of war, and then one feels the men and women around us moving like embodied spirits on the very edge of death. Yet, by the mental homeopathy of which we spoke, even fear, or the outward manifestation of it, can be overcome. By thousands of our people it is now overcome every day of the week.

THE LIBERTY OF PROPHESYING.

THE proposal that, where there is a demand for their services, women shall take part in the projected National Mission bids fair to wreck the Mission movement. The correspondence between Mr. Athelstan Riley and the Archbishop of Canterbury—a correspondence marked by characteristic truculence on the one side and characteristic non-committance on the other—is an object lesson in the methods and manners of Anglican ecclesiasticism. Mr. Riley roundly, and none too courteously, denounces the Archbishop's proposals as "sheer nonsense," and "intolerable"—the epithet is repeated three times—and remains, "Your Grace's most dutifully"; the Archbishop, addressing "My dear Riley," deprecates controversy, and "regrets the tone and character of his letter." A stronger word might have been used. Respect for bishops is no note of the school which Mr. Riley adorns; and, to do him justice, he does not affect it. "The latest and most singular theory about bishops," says Froude, "is that of the modern English Neo-Catholic, who disregards his bishop's advice and despises his censures; but looks on him nevertheless as some high-bred, worn-out animal, useless in himself, but infinitely valuable for some mysterious purpose of spiritual propagation." The acrimony with which the dispute is being taken up, and the purely technical ground on which it is being argued, are an example of the curious preoccupation of the clergy and clerically minded laymen with the non-essential in religion. The quarters in which the most exaggerated estimate of the probable results of the Mission was current are now centres of opposition: all is to be given up, if the anti-feminists cannot get their way. It should be noticed that the demand is not for liberty of action, but for liberty of exclusion. No one asks Mr. Riley to "sit under," *e.g.*, Miss Maude Royden; what he insists on is that those who wish to "sit under" her shall be hindered from doing so; failing this, he and his friends will not play. What strikes most of us in these proceedings is their extraordinary silliness; Mr. Riley has not "put away childish things."

The New Testament passages on the ministry of women are conflicting and inconclusive; it is probable that St. Paul's references to the matter are particular and local; he had no intention of laying down a general law, even for his own, far less for later, time. A popular commentator, who may be regarded as representing average conservative opinion, admits the discrepancy between 1st Corinthians xi. 5 and xiv. 34; accounting for it either by the Apostle's "second thoughts"—an explanation which excludes a universal precept—or by a distinction between public and private services—which savors of a later age. As long as the charismatic ministry lasted, women, it seems, prophesied: when the official hierarchy took its place, the professionalizing of religion choked out the freer open ministry; and, with the prophet, the prophetess disappeared.

But human nature is stronger than systems. A St. Catherine, a St. Teresa, a Mrs. Fry, a Mrs. Booth "removed mountains"; and in our own time the question of "the liberty of prophesying" has been revived. The education of women, their increasing economic independence, and their consequent access to professional and public life, have brought about a change in their status, for which emancipation is not too strong a word. New horizons have opened, larger activities are presenting themselves: sex, it is seen, is a foundation, not a finished construction; an ingredient present in larger or smaller proportions; but it is not the whole woman, as it is not the whole man. So that the whole social order is modified: women go into business and take up professions; they are inspectors, doctors, guardians of the poor, university lecturers; they sit on councils, boards, committees; and in these capacities they show, not to put it too strongly, no marked inferiority to men. Why, when their services are called for, should they not act as teachers of religion? Considering that the religious and moral instruction of children—that is to say, of the rising generation at its most impressionable and malleable age—is, and has always been, in the hands of women, is it not an empty convention which excludes from the Church those whose influence in the home and the school is so ineffaceable? It was a saying of a famous Eton tutor of the last generation that the mother will always get the better of the priest in the long run.

There is a general impression that the stiffness of Anglicanism is the great hindrance to its efficiency; and one of the most hopeful features of the Mission movement is the disposition of the bishops to relax the strain. They realize that our churches are becoming emptier and emptier—whether they know why is a further question; and it is understood that they are ready to regard a certain latitude in the interpretation of the Act of Uniformity, that bane of the English Church, with a lenient eye. The Church party will work this disposition for all it is worth. Nor can they be blamed for doing so: it is when they refuse to others the liberty which they claim for themselves that blame begins. And Liberals and Evangelicals will have only themselves to thank if they fail to take advantage of the present combination of circumstances, which is exceptional, and unlikely to recur. Prayer-book Revision is remote; but a large measure of reform of our public services may be had, if people are in earnest about it here and now. Circumstances have made the "liberty of prophesying" a test question. It may not be that which we should have chosen: but it has certain advantages, not the least of which is that it appeals to a considerable number of the wiser and better High Churchmen. If its advocates let themselves be overborne by threats or circumvented by intrigue, English religion, already too weak, will be weakened all along

the line. And their defeat will be the first of a series; the remaining issues of which will be fought with smaller resources and fewer allies.

From the religious point of view, if a woman has a message—whether it is to be delivered from a pulpit or a platform is a question which can scarcely be seriously discussed—the Church which silences her incurs a grave responsibility. There is no question of forcing a female ministry on reluctant or indifferent hearers: women would minister only when there was a demand for their services—in most cases, probably, to women and children. "It does not seem to me," writes the Archbishop to Mr. Riley, "that the apprehensions you entertain as to what may ensue are based upon reasonable grounds." For to confuse the "liberty of prophesying" with the admission of women to the ordained ministry is disingenuous. This would be a new patch on an old garment. It is conceivable that the official hierarchy, itself the creature of circumstances, should, were circumstances to change, be modified or replaced by a less specialized and professional ministry common to women and men. But such contingencies lie outside practical politics; and, given the existing ministry, particularly in its historical shape, the strain of reconstruction would be excessive; the old bottles would be burst by the new wine. For the ministry, like other institutions, has in it a large element of convention: it is not only "from heaven"; it is also "of men." And the Sacramental mysticism, which is the outcome of the traditional conception of the priesthood, is not of sufficiently robust growth to bear transplanting. "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*," it was said of the Jesuits, when it was proposed to change the name of the Order. The saying applies to the medieval Sacramental system—which, it may be remembered, is not the same thing as the Sacraments. Neither the Confessional nor the Mass would survive the coming of the priestess: both depend upon association, and stand or fall with the priest.

What is proposed is on other lines and of another order. And at a time when religion, in the technical sense of the term, is, or appears to be, at its lowest ebb, and the life of the world is being diverted into other channels, those who believe in the recuperative power of the Churches are forsaken by all the gods if they refuse the co-operation of that—the larger—section of the community which still clings enthusiastically to the traditional beliefs, and to their traditional expression in the formulas and institutions of Christianity—"the devout female sex."

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 598.)

BOOK II.

Matching's Easy at War.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

TAKING PART.

§ 1.

THERE were now two chief things in the mind of Mr. Britling. One was a large and valiant thing, a thing of heroic and processional quality, the idea of taking

up one's share in the great conflict, of leaving the Dower House and its circle of habits and activities and going out—. From that point he wasn't quite sure where he was to go, nor exactly what he meant to do. His imagination inclined to the figure of a volunteer in an improvised uniform inflicting great damage upon a raiding invader from behind a hedge. The uniform one presumes would have been something in the vein of the costume in which he met Mr. Direck. With a "brassard." Or he thought of himself as working at a telephone or in an office engaged upon any useful quasi-administrative work that called for intelligence rather than training. Still, of course, with a "brassard." A month ago he would have had doubts about the meaning of "brassard"; now it seemed to be the very key word for national organization. He had started for London by the early train on Monday morning with the intention of immediate enrolment in any such service that offered; of getting, in fact, into his brassard at once. The morning papers he bought at the station dashed his conviction of the inevitable fall of Paris into hopeful doubts, but did not shake his resolution. The effect of rout and pursuit and retreat and retreat and retreat had disappeared from the news. The German right was being counter-attacked, and seemed in danger of getting pinched between Paris and Verdun with the British on its flank. This relieved his mind, but it did nothing to modify his new realization of the tremendous gravity of the war. Even if the enemy were held and thrust back a little there was still work for every man in the task of forcing them back upon their own country. This war was an immense thing, it would touch everybody. . . . That meant that every man must give himself. That he had to give himself. He must let nothing stand between him and that clear understanding. It was utterly shameful now to hold back and not to do one's utmost for civilization, for England, for all the ease and safety one had been given—against these drilled, commanded, obsessed millions.

Mr. Britling was a flame of exalted voluntarism, of patriotic devotion, that day.

But behind all this bravery was the other thing, the second thing in the mind of Mr. Britling, a fear. He was prepared now to spread himself like some valiant turkey-gobbler, every feather at its utmost, against the aggressor. He was prepared to go out and flourish bayonets, march and dig to the limit of his power, shoot, die in a ditch if needful, rather than permit German militarism to dominate the world. He had no fear for himself. He was prepared to perish upon the battlefield or cut a valiant figure in the military hospital. But what he perceived very clearly and did his utmost not to perceive was this qualifying and discouraging fact, that the war monster was not nearly so disposed to meet him as he was to meet the war, and that its eyes were fixed on something beside and behind him, that it was already only too evidently stretching out a long and shadowy arm past him towards Teddy—and towards Hugh. . . .

The young are the food of war. . . .

Teddy wasn't Mr. Britling's business anyhow. Teddy must do as he thought proper. Mr. Britling would not even advise upon that. And as for Hugh—

Mr. Britling did his best to brazen it out.

"My eldest boy is barely seventeen," he said. "He's keen to go, and I'd be sorry if he wasn't. He'll get into some cadet corps, of course—he's already done something of that kind at school. Or they'll take him into the Territorials. But before he's nineteen everything will be over, one way or another. I'm afraid, poor chap, he'll feel sold. . . ."

And having thrust Hugh safely into the background of his mind—as juvenile, doing a juvenile share, no sort of man yet—Mr. Britling could give a free reign to his generous imaginations of a national uprising. From the idea of a universal participation in the struggle, he passed by an easy transition to an anticipation of all Britain armed and gravely embattled. Across gulfs of obstinate reality. He himself was prepared to say, and accordingly he felt that the great mass of the British must be prepared to say to the Government: "Here we

are at your disposal. This is not a diplomatist's war, nor a War Office war; this is a war of the whole people. We are all willing and ready to lay aside our usual occupations and offer our property and ourselves. Whim and individual action are for peace times. Take us and use us as you think fit. Take all we possess." When he thought of the Government in this way, he forgot the governing class he knew. The slack-trousered Raeburn, the prim, attentive Philbert, Lady Frensham at the top of her voice, stern, preposterous Carson, boozy Bander-shoot and artful Taper, wily Asquith, the eloquent yet unsubstantial George, and the immobile Grey, vanished out of his mind; all those representative exponents of the way things are done in Great Britain faded in the glow of his imaginative effort; he forgot the dreary debates, the floundering newspapers, the "bluffs," the intrigues, the sly bargains of the week-end party, the "schoolboy honor" of grown men, the universal weak dishonesty in thinking; he thought simply of a simplified and ideal government that governed. He thought vaguely of something behind and beyond them, England, the ruling genius of the land; something with a dignified assurance and a stable will. He imagined this shadowy ruler miraculously provided with schemes and statistics against this supreme occasion which had for so many years been the most conspicuous probability before the country. His mind leaped forwards to the conception of a great nation reluctantly turning its vast resources to the prosecution of a righteous defensive war, filled in the obvious corollaries of plan and calculation. He thought that somewhere "up there" there must be people who could count and who had counted everything that we might need for such a struggle, and organizers who had schemed and estimated down to practicable and manageable details.

Such lapses from knowledge to faith are perhaps necessary that human heroism may be possible.

His conception of his own share in the great national uprising was a very modest one. He was a writer, a footnote to reality; he had no trick of command over men, his rôle was observation rather than organization, and he saw himself only as an insignificant individual dropping from his individuality into his place in a great machine, taking a rifle in a trench, guarding a bridge, filling a cartridge—just with a brassard or something like that on—until the great task was done. Sunday night was full of imaginations of order, of the countryside standing up to its task, of roads cleared and resources marshalled, of the petty interests of the private life altogether set aside. And mingling with that it was still possible for Mr. Britling, he was still young enough, to produce such dreams of personal service, of sudden emergencies swiftly and bravely met, of conspicuous daring and exceptional rewards, such dreams as hover in the brains of every imaginative recruit.

The detailed story of Mr. Britling's two days' search for some easy and convenient ladder into the service of his threatened country would be a voluminous one. It would begin with the figure of a neatly brushed patriot, with an intent expression upon his intelligent face, seated in the Londonward train, reading the war news—the first comforting war news for many days—and trying not to look as though his life was torn up by the roots and all his being aflame with devotion; and it would conclude after forty-eight hours of fuss, inquiry, talk, waiting, telephoning, with the same gentleman, a little fagged, with a kind of weary apathy in his eyes, returning by the short cut from the station across Claverings Park to resume his connection with his abandoned roots. The essential process of the interval had been the correction of Mr. Britling's temporary delusion that the government of the British Empire is either intelligent, instructed, or wise.

The great "Business as Usual" phase was already passing away, and London was in the full tide of recruiting enthusiasm. That tide was breaking against the most miserable arrangements for enlistment it is possible to imagine. Overtaxed and not very competent officers, whose one idea of being very efficient was to refuse civilian help and be very, very slow and circumspect, and very dignified and overbearing, sat in

dirty little rooms, and snarled at this unheard-of England that pressed at door and window for enrolment. Outside every recruiting office crowds of men and youths waited, leaning against walls, sitting upon the pavements, waited for long hours, waiting to the end of the day and returning next morning, without shelter, without food, many sick with hunger; men who had hurried up from the country, men who had thrown up jobs of every kind—clerks, shopmen, anxious only to serve England and "teach those damned Germans a lesson." Between them and this object they had discovered a perplexing barrier; an inattention. As Mr. Britling made his way by St. Martin's Church and across Trafalgar Square and marked the weary accumulation of this magnificently patriotic stuff, he had his first inkling of the imaginative insufficiency of the War Office that had been so suddenly called upon to organize victory. He was to be more fully informed when he reached his club.

His impression of the streets through which he passed was an impression of great unrest. There were noticeably fewer omnibuses and less road traffic generally, but there was a quite unusual number of drifting pedestrians. The current on the pavements was irritatingly sluggish. There were more people standing about, and fewer going about their business. This was particularly the case with the women he saw. Many of them seemed to have drifted in from the suburbs and outskirts of London in a state of vague expectation, unable to stay in their homes.

Everywhere there were the flags of the Allies; in shop windows, over doors, on the bonnets of automobiles, on people's breasts, and there was a great quantity of recruiting posters on the hoardings and in windows: "Your King and Country Need You" was the chief text, and they still called for "A Hundred Thousand Men," although the demand of Lord Kitchener had risen to half-a-million. There were also placards calling for men on nearly all the taxicabs. The big windows of the "Norddeutscher Lloyd" in Cockspur Street were boarded up, and plastered thickly with recruiting appeals.

At his club Mr. Britling found much talk and belligerent stir. In the hall Wilkins, the author, was displaying a dummy rifle of bent iron rod to several interested members. It was to be used for drilling until rifles could be got, and it could be made for eighteenpence. This was the first intimation Mr. Britling got that the want of foresight of the War Office only began with its unpreparedness for recruits. Men were talking very freely in the club; one of the temporary effects of the war in its earlier stages was to produce a partial thaw in the constitutional British shyness; and men who had glowered at Mr. Britling over their lunches and had been glowered at by Mr. Britling in silence for years now started conversations with him.

"What is a man of my sort to do?" asked a clean-shaven barrister.

"Exactly what I have been asking," said Mr. Britling. "They are fixing the upward age for recruits at thirty; it's absurdly low. A man well over forty like myself is quite fit to line a trench or guard a bridge. I'm not so bad a shot."

"We've been discussing home defence volunteers," said the barrister. "Anyhow we ought to be drilling. But the War Office sets its face as sternly against our doing anything of the sort as though we were going to join the Germans. It's absurd. Even if we older men aren't fit to go abroad, we could at least release troops who could."

"If you had the rifles," said a sharp-featured man in grey to the right of Mr. Britling.

"I suppose they are to be got," said Mr. Britling.

The sharp-featured man indicated by appropriate facial action and head-shaking that this was by no means the case.

"Every dead man, many wounded men, most prisoners," he said, "mean each one a rifle lost. We have lost five-and-twenty thousand rifles alone since the war began. Quite apart from arming new troops, we have to replace those rifles with the drafts we send out.

Do you know what is the maximum weekly output of rifles at the present time in this country?"

Mr. Britling did not know.

"Nine thousand."

Mr. Britling suddenly understood the significance of Wilkins and his dummy gun.

The sharp-featured man added with an air of concluding the matter: "It's the barrels that are the trouble. Complicated machinery. We haven't got it, and we can't make it in a hurry. And there you are!"

The sharp-featured man had a way of speaking almost as if he was throwing bombs. He threw one now. "Zinc," he said.

"We're not short of zinc?" said the lawyer.

The sharp-featured man nodded, and then became explicit.

Zinc was necessary for cartridges; it had to be refined zinc and very pure, or the shooting went wrong. Well, we had let the refining business drift away from England to Belgium and Germany. There were just one or two British firms still left. . . . Unless we bucked up tremendously we should get caught short of cartridges. . . . At any rate of cartridges so made as to ensure good shooting. "And there you are!" said the sharp-featured man.

But the sharp-featured man did not at that time represent any considerable section of public thought. "I suppose after all we can get rifles from America," said the lawyer. "And as for zinc, if the shortage is known the shortage will be provided for. . . ."

The prevailing topic in the smoking-room upstairs was the inability of the War Office to deal with the flood of recruits that was pouring in, and its hostility to any such volunteering as Mr. Britling had in mind. Quite a number of members wanted to volunteer; there was much talk of their fitness; "I'm fifty-four," said one, "and I could do my twenty-five miles in marching kit far better than half those boys of nineteen." Another was thirty-eight. "I must hold the business together," he said; "but why anyhow shouldn't I learn to shoot and use a bayonet?" The personal pique of the rejected lent force to their criticisms of the recruiting and general organization. "The War Office has one incurable system," said a big mine-owner. "During peace time it runs all its home administration with men who will certainly be wanted at the front directly there is a war. Directly war comes, therefore, there is a shift all round, and a new untried man—usually a dug-out in an advanced state of decay—is stuck into the job. Chaos follows automatically. The War Office always has done this, and so far as one can see it always will. It seems incapable of realizing that another man will be wanted until the first is taken away. Its imagination doesn't even run to that."

Mr. Britling found a kindred spirit in Wilkins.

Wilkins was expounding his tremendous scheme for universal volunteering. Everybody was to be accepted. Everybody was to be assigned and registered and—*badged*.

"A brassard," said Mr. Britling.

"It doesn't matter whether we really produce a fighting force or not," said Wilkins. "Everybody now is enthusiastic—and serious. Everybody is willing to put on some kind of uniform and submit to some sort of orders. And the thing to do is to catch them in the willing stage. Now is the time to get the country lined up and organized, ready to meet the internal stresses that are bound to come later. But there's no disposition whatever to welcome this universal offering. It's just as though this war was a treat to which only the very select friends of the War Office were to be admitted. And I don't admit that the national volunteers would be ineffective—even from a military point of view. There are plenty of fit men of our age, and men of proper age who are better employed at home—armament workers, for example, and there are all the boys under the age. They may not be under the age before things are over. . . ."

He was even prepared to plan uniforms.

"A brassard," repeated Mr. Britling, "and perhaps colored strips on the reverse of a coat."

"Colors for the counties," said Wilkins, "and if there isn't colored cloth to be got there's—red flannel. Anything is better than leaving the mass of people to mob about. . . ."

The momentary vision danced before Mr. Britling's eyes of red flannel petticoats being torn up in a rapid improvisation of soldiers to resist a sudden invasion. Passing washerwomen suddenly requisitioned. But one must not let oneself be laughed out of good intentions because of ridiculous accessories. The idea at any rate was a sound one. . . .

The vision of what ought to be done shone brightly while Mr. Britling and Mr. Wilkins maintained it. But presently under discouraging reminders that there were no rifles, no instructors, and, above all, the open hostility of the established authorities, it faded again. . . .

Afterwards in other conversations Mr. Britling reverted to more modest ambitions.

"Is there no clerical work, no minor administrative work, a man might be used for?" he asked.

"Any old dug-out," said the man with the thin face, "any old doddering Colonel Newcome is preferred to you in that matter. . . ."

Mr. Britling emerged from his club about half-past three with his mind rather dishevelled and with his private determination to do something promptly for his country's needs blunted by a perplexing "How?" His search for doors and ways where no doors and ways existed went on with a gathering sense of futility.

He had a ridiculous sense of pique at being left out, like a child shut out from a room in which a vitally interesting game is being played.

"After all, it is *our* war," he said.

He caught the phrase as it dropped from his lips with a feeling that it said more than he intended. He turned it over and examined it, and the more he did so the more he was convinced of its truth and soundness. . . .

§ 2.

By night there was a new strangeness about London. The authorities were trying to suppress the more brilliant illumination of the chief thoroughfares, on account of the possibility of an air raid. Shopkeepers were being compelled to pull down their blinds, and many of the big standard lights were unlit. Mr. Britling thought these precautions were very fussy and unnecessary, and likely to lead to accidents amidst the traffic. But it gave a Rembrandtesque quality to the London scene, turned it into mysterious arrangements of brown shadows and cones and bars of light. At first many people were recalcitrant, and here and there a restaurant or a draper's window still blazed out and broke the gloom. There were also a number of insubordinate automobiles with big head-lights. But the police were being unusually firm. . . .

"It will all glitter again in a little time," he told himself.

He heard an old lady who was projecting from an offending automobile at Piccadilly Circus in hot dispute with a police officer. "Zeppelins, indeed!" she said. "What nonsense! As if they would *dare* to come here! Who would *let* them, I should like to know?"

Probably a friend of Lady Frensham's, he thought. Still—the idea of Zeppelins over London did seem rather ridiculous to Mr. Britling. He would not have liked to have been caught talking of it himself. . . . There never had been Zeppelins over London. They were gas bags. . . .

§ 3.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Britling returned to the Dower House, and he was still a civilian unassigned.

In the hall he found a tall figure in khaki standing and reading "The Times" that usually lay upon the hall table. The figure turned at Mr. Britling's entry, and revealed the aquiline features of Mr. Lawrence Carmine.

It was as if his friend had stolen a march on him.

But Carmine's face showed nothing of the excitement and patriotic satisfaction that would have seemed

natural to Mr. Britling. He was white and jaded, as if he had not slept for many nights. "You see," he explained almost apologetically of the three stars upon his sleeve, "I used to be a captain of volunteers." He had been put in charge of a volunteer force which had been re-embodied and entrusted with the care of the bridges, gasworks, factories, and railway tunnels, and with a number of other minor but necessary duties round about Easinghampton. "I've just got to shut up my house," said Captain Carmine, "and go into lodgings. I confess I hate it. . . . But anyhow it can't last six months. . . . But it's beastly. . . . Ugh! . . ."

He seemed disposed to expand that "Ugh," and then thought better of it. And presently Mr. Britling took control of the conversation.

His two days in London had filled him with matter, and he was glad to have something more than Hugh and Teddy and Mrs. Britling to talk it upon. What was happening now in Great Britain, he declared, was *adjustment*. It was an attempt on the part of a great unorganized nation, an attempt, instinctive at present rather than intelligent, to readjust its government and particularly its military organization to the new scale of warfare that Germany had imposed upon the world. For two strenuous decades the British Navy had been growing enormously under the pressure of German naval preparations, but the British military establishment had experienced no corresponding expansion. It was true there had been a futile, rather foolishly conducted agitation for universal military service, but there had been no accumulation of material, no preparation of armament-making machinery, no planning and no foundations for any sort of organization that would have facilitated the rapid expansion of the fighting forces of the country in a time of crisis. Such an idea was absolutely antagonistic to the mental habits of the British military caste. The German method of incorporating all the strength and resources of the country into one national fighting machine was quite strange to the British military mind—still. Even after a month of war. War had become the comprehensive business of the German nation; to the British it was an incidental adventure. In Germany the nation was militarized, in England the Army was specialized. The nation for nearly every practical purpose got along without it. Just as political life had also become specialized. . . . Now suddenly we wanted a Government to speak for everyone, and an Army of the whole people. How were we to find them?

Mr. Britling dwelt upon this idea of the specialized character of the British Army and Navy and Government. It seemed to him to be the clue to everything that was jarring in the London spectacle. The Army had been a thing aloof, for a special end. It had developed all the characteristics of a caste. It had very high standards along the lines of its specialization, but it was inadaptably and conservatively. Its exclusiveness was not so much a deliberate culture as a consequence of its detached function. It touched the ordinary social body chiefly through three other specialized bodies, the Court, the Church, and the Stage. Apart from that it saw the great unofficial civilian world as something vague, something unsympathetic, something possibly antagonistic, which it comforted itself by snubbing when it dared and tricking when it could, something that projected members of Parliament towards it and was stingy about money. Directly one grasped how apart the army lived from the ordinary life of the community, from industrialism or from economic necessities, directly one understood that the great mass of Englishmen were simply "outsiders" to the War Office mind, just as they were "outsiders" to the political clique, one began to realize the complete unfitness of either Government or War Office for the conduct of so great a national effort as was now needed. These people "up there" did not know anything of the broad mass of English life at all, they did not know how or where things were made; when they wanted things they just went to a shop somewhere and got them. This was the necessary psychology of a small army under a clique government. Nothing else was to be expected. But now—somehow—the nation

had to take hold of the Government that it had neglected so long. . . .

"You see," said Mr. Britling, repeating a phrase that was becoming more and more essential to his thoughts, "this is *our* war. . . ."

"Of course," said Mr. Britling, "these things are not going to be done without a conflict. We aren't going to take hold of our country which we have neglected so long without a lot of internal friction. But in England we can make these readjustments without revolution. It is our strength. . . ."

"At present England is confused—but it's a healthy confusion. It's astir. We have more things to defeat than just Germany. . . ."

"These hosts of recruits—wary, uncared for, besieging the recruiting stations. It's symbolical. . . . Our tremendous reserves of will and manhood. Our almost incredible insufficiency of direction. . . ."

"Those people up there have no idea of the Will that surges up in England. They are timid little manœuvring people, afraid of property, afraid of newspapers, afraid of trade-unions. They aren't leading us against the Germans; they are just being shoved against the Germans by necessity. . . ."

From this Mr. Britling broke away into a fresh addition to his already large collection of contrasts between England and Germany. Germany was a nation which had been swallowed up and incorporated by an army and an administration; the Prussian military system had assimilated to itself the whole German life. It was a State in a state of repletion, a State that had swallowed all its people. Britain was not a State. It was an unincorporated people. The British Army, the British War Office, and the British administration had assimilated nothing; they were little old partial things; the British nation lay outside them, beyond their understanding and tradition; a formless new thing, but a great thing, and now this British nation, this real nation, the "outsiders," had to take up arms. Suddenly all the underlying ideas of that outer, greater English life beyond politics, beyond the services, were challenged, its tolerant good humor, its freedom, and its irresponsibility. It was not simply English life that was threatened; it was all the latitudes of democracy, it was every liberal idea and every liberty. It was civilization in danger. The uncharted liberal system had been taken by the throat; it had to "make good" or perish. . . .

"I went up to London expecting to be told what to do. There is no one to tell anyone what to do. . . . Much less is there anyone to compel us to do it. . . ."

"There's a War Office like a college during a riot, with its doors and windows barred; there's a Government like a cockle boat in an Atlantic gale. . . ."

"One feels the thing ought to have come upon us like the sound of a trumpet. Instead, until now, it has been like a great noise, that we just listened to, in the next house. . . . And now slowly the nation awakes. London is just like a dazed sleeper waking up out of a deep sleep to fire and danger, tumult and cries for help, near at hand. The streets give you exactly that effect. People are looking about and listening. One feels that at any moment, in a pause, in a silence, there may come, from far away, over the houses, faint and little, the boom of guns or the small outcries of little French or Belgian villages in agony. . . ."

Such was the gist of Mr. Britling's discourse.

He did most of the table talk, and all that mattered. Teddy was an assenting voice, Hugh was silent and apparently a little inattentive, Mrs. Britling was thinking of the courses and the servants and the boys, and giving her husband only half an ear, Captain Carmine said little and seemed to be troubled by some disagreeable preoccupation. Now and then he would endorse or supplement the things Mr. Britling was saying. Thrice he remarked: "People still do not begin to understand." . . .

§ 4.

It was only when they sat together in the barn court out of the way of Mrs. Britling and the children that Captain Carmine was able to explain his listless bearing

and jaded appearance. He was suffering from a bad nervous shock. He had hardly taken over his command before one of his men had been killed—and killed in a manner that had left a scar upon his mind.

The man had been guarding a tunnel, and he had been knocked down by one train when crossing the line behind another. So it was that the bomb of Sarajevo killed its first victim in Essex. Captain Carmine had found the body. He had found the body in a cloudy moonlight; he had almost fallen over it; and his sensations and emotions had been eminently disagreeable. He had had to drag the body—it was very dreadfully mangled—off the permanent way, the damaged, almost severed head had twisted about very horribly in the uncertain light, and afterwards he had found his sleeves saturated with blood. He had not noted this at the time, and when he had discovered it he had been sick. He had thought the whole thing more horrible and hateful than any nightmare, but he had succeeded in behaving with a sufficient practicality to set an example to his men. Since this had happened he had not had an hour of dreamless sleep.

"One doesn't expect to be called upon like that," said Captain Carmine, "suddenly here in England. . . . When one is smoking after supper. . . ."

Mr. Britling listened to this experience with distressed brows. All his talking and thinking became to him like the open page of a monthly magazine. Across it this bloody smear, this thing of red and black, was dragged. . . .

§ 5.

The smear was still bright red in Mr. Britling's thoughts when Teddy came to him.

"I must go," said Teddy, "I can't stop here any longer."

"Go where?"

"Into khaki. I've been thinking of it ever since the war began. Do you remember what you said when we were bullying off at hockey on Bank Holiday—the day before war was declared?"

Mr. Britling had forgotten completely; he made an effort. "What did I say?"

"You said, 'What the devil are we doing at this hockey? We ought to be drilling or shooting against those confounded Germans!' . . . I've never forgotten it. . . . I ought to have done it before. I've been a scout-master. In a little while they will want officers. In London, I'm told, there are a lot of officers' training corps putting men through the work as quickly as possible. . . . If I could go."

"What does Letty think?" said Mr. Britling after a pause. This was right, of course—the only right thing—and yet he was surprised.

"She says if you'd let her try to do my work for a time. . . ."

"She wants you to go?"

"Of course she does," said Teddy. "She wouldn't like me to be a shirker. . . . But I can't unless you help."

"I'm quite ready to do that," said Mr. Britling. "But somehow I didn't think it of you. I hadn't somehow thought of you—"

"What did you think of me?" asked Teddy.

"It's bringing the war home to us. . . . Of course, you ought to go—if you want to go."

He reflected. It was odd to find Teddy in this mood, strung up and serious and businesslike. He felt that in the past he had done Teddy injustice; this young man wasn't as trivial as he had thought him. . . .

They fell to discussing ways and means; there might have to be a loan for Teddy's outfit, if he did presently secure a commission. And there were one or two other little matters. . . . Mr. Britling dismissed a ridiculous fancy that he was paying to send Teddy away to something that neither that young man nor Letty understood properly. . . .

The next day Teddy vanished Londonward on his bicycle. He was going to lodge in London in order to be near his training. He was zealous. Never before

had Teddy been zealous. Mrs. Teddy came to Dower House for the correspondence, trying not to look self-conscious and important.

Two Mondays later a very bright-eyed, excited little boy came running to Mr. Britling, who was smoking after lunch in the rose garden. "Daddy!" squealed the small boy. "Teddy! In khaki!"

The other junior Britling danced in front of the hero, who was walking beside Mrs. Britling and trying not to be too aggressively a soldierly figure. He looked a very man in khaki and more of a boy than ever. Mrs. Teddy came behind, quietly elated.

Mr. Britling had a recurrence of that same disagreeable fancy that these young people didn't know exactly what they were going into. He wished he was in khaki himself; then he fancied this compunction wouldn't trouble him quite so much.

The afternoon with them deepened his conviction that they really didn't in the slightest degree understand. Life had been so good to them hitherto, that even the idea of Teddy's going off to the war seemed a sort of fun to them. It was just a thing he was doing, a serious, seriously amusing, and very creditable thing. It involved his dressing up in these unusual clothes, and receiving salutes in the street. . . . They discussed every possible aspect of his military outlook with the zest of children who recount the merits of a new game. They were putting Teddy through his stages at a tremendous pace. In quite a little time he thought he would be given the chance of a commission.

"They want subalterns badly. Already they've taken nearly a third of our people," he said, and added with the wistfulness of one who glances at inaccessible delights: "one or two may get out to the front quite soon."

He spoke as a young actor might speak of a star part. And with a touch of the quality of one who longs to travel in strange lands. . . . One must be patient. Things come at last. . . .

"If I'm killed she gets eighty pounds a year," Teddy explained among many other particulars.

He smiled—the smile of a confident immortal at this amusing idea.

"He's my little annuity," said Letty, also smiling, "dead or alive."

"We'll miss Teddy in all sorts of ways," said Mr. Britling.

"It's only for the duration of the war," said Teddy. "And Letty's very intelligent. I've done my best to chasten the evil in her."

"If you think you're going to get back your job after the war," said Letty, "you're very much mistaken. I'm going to raise the standard."

"You!" said Teddy, regarding her coldly, and proceeded ostentatiously to talk of other things.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WOMEN WORKERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the House of Commons last Tuesday the new Minister of Munitions made a brave acknowledgment of the part played by women in the present war. Mr. Montagu's speech, which was a *résumé* of efforts made and results attained in supplying the Army with munitions, seemed to reach its most impressive moment when, with a certain gesture of nobility, he said that on women's loyalty and women's work the safety of the Army had depended.

I feel sure that Mr. Montagu is sincere, though faith in the sincerity of Ministers has been damaged so lately. The woman munition-worker has been praised till modesty should blush if a tinge of cynicism did not by now color her feeling towards those who praise. She has been told that she has done as much as the fighting men to win the war. She has been made the subject of panegyric in newspapers

and magazines. Her physical welfare had been talked of, planned for, actually, to a considerable extent, provided for by the establishment of canteens, rest rooms, and so on. The late Minister of Munitions, in one of his most eloquent moments, exclaimed that upon her efforts depends the ultimate issue of the war, and, incidentally, promised her a fair wage and a fixed minimum. I believe she has even received a medal from the Tsar of Russia. Her very costume has been seriously considered, and designs for her caps and overalls are found in the fashion papers. The sentiment that used to spend itself upon "the hand that rocks the cradle" is now transferred to the hand that turns the shell.

Fair words she has had in plenty. The thing that she has yet some difficulty in obtaining is the fair wage of which Mr. Lloyd George spoke so warmly just a year ago. His opinion was definitely expressed. "It is right to insist that whatever these wages are they should be fair, and there should be a fixed minimum."

The minimum has now been fixed—according to Dr. Addison—"for more than half the women employed outside the national factories, and which are automatically included," and it is found to be, at the same time, a maximum. The Statutory Order 447 has at last appeared, and the value of the woman worker—the woman who has done so much to save the Empire—is 4½d. an hour if she is employed on time, 4d. if she is paid by piece—that is to say, according to before-the-war standards, rather less than 3d.

This, then, is the materialization of Ministerial emotions for which we have waited in patience for a year. The Munitions Labor Supply Commission was appointed at the end of September, 1915, that the "fair wage and fixed minimum" spoken of in July might be obtained. Many schemes were drafted relative to the pay for women and girls on various classes of war work, but—with one exception relating to women on men's work—they seem to have remained in draft while the limits of the Ministry's powers (or intentions) were gradually realized. The situation, indeed, was curious. For the first time in history the law of supply and demand worked to the advantage of the woman-worker. Her labor was urgently needed, and, as a consequence, she was able to put a price upon it. This unique state of affairs was not allowed to develop. The woman was forbidden to leave her situation without her employer's consent, the penalty for contumacy being six weeks' unemployment.

It might seem that this binding of an employee was a retrograde move having some relation to industrial serfdom. It might be urged that with the growth of skill there should be conceded the worker's right to better pay. It was so urged, and the Munitions of War Amendment Act, passed in January, made an attempt to bring about some such adjustment. Finally, in July of this year comes Order 447—a mockery of all that we had hoped and of all that had been promised.

The issue of the argument is plain. Either the woman munition worker is of value in this great struggle of the nation, or she is a negligible quantity. If she counts for as much as the words of Ministers have given us to understand, she deserves the wage due to work of national importance.

In the acres of new factories of which Mr. Montagu spoke, 400,000 women are doing the work which, we are told, makes victory possible. A vast number of them are doing work that was formerly done by men; some of them work that was never before done in England. Skill, nerve, accurate judgment, courage, and a most splendid endurance go to this work, and in many cases, in spite of the Ministry's regulations, they are doing it for half a man's pay. Equal pay for equal work is an accepted theory, but employers often manage to avoid carrying it into practice. It looks as though the Ministry, too, were too often content for it to remain a theory. There is plenty of sweating, even in munition works, in spite of rules and "recommendations." In a Scottish factory, at the beginning of this year, women worked eighty-two hours a week at 2½d. an hour. It is plain that even yet the intention of employers in general is to pay as little as they might in order to keep profits as high as possible. The intention of the Ministry, one begins to fear, is to conciliate the strongest. Profits would be nowhere, according to one Scottish employer, if women were paid the same piece-rates as men. The women's output, he stated,

before the Special Arbitration Tribunal, was so much better that at the men's rate of pay they would earn £10 a week!

Order 447 avoids those risks, at least.

The Ministry has actually fixed standard wages lower in worth than the minima fixed by the Trade Boards for sweated industries. And that for industries in which the difficulty that usually faced Trade Boards—the question as to what wages the particular trade could bear—is not present! The rates fixed by the new order are not even satisfactory as a minima, and as standard rates they are indefensible. The safeguards laid down last November are not found in this Order.

There are no directions as to payment for overtime, night work, or Sunday work, no provision for waiting time, and, worse still, no provision for piece-workers such as the Special Arbitration Tribunals have given in nearly all recent awards, namely, that piece rates should yield at least one third more than the minimum time rate. There is hardly a case brought within the last six months to the test of arbitration that has not given an infinitely better result. The Order is regarded by all whom it affects as an instrument for depressing wages rather than for raising them, and an instance has already appeared in which an employer who had offered 6½d. an hour withdrew his offer because Order 447 was held to apply to his factory.

The moral seems to be that to women who rebel something shall be given, though it may not be all they ask and need, but to those who wait patiently upon the promises of a Government there is given nothing at all.

It has been said that the effect of the Order will be to increase the wages of the worst-paid women munition workers, but this peculiar claim, of which the Ministry does not seem to realize the significance, cannot stand. It is those very women who do not come within its scope.

The result of this waiting, these promises, this easy radiant praise, would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. The woman worker has shown herself loyal and enduring beyond belief, but Order 447 is an insult to her intelligence as well as to her sense of justice. It cannot be allowed to stand. To revert—as in fixing maximum rates—this Order does revert—to the Elizabethan age, is a crime against all ideas of progress. Even for a Government that declines to go forward this is a very long step back.—Yours, &c.,

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

34, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
August 18th, 1916.

A PLEA FOR REASON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When people quarrel, often the greatest obstacle to a settlement of their differences is loss of self-restraint and passion occasioned by the dispute. Even in the case of an unprovoked attack of brute force, the dictates of reason tell us that a cool head is a better defence than one filled with heat and passion. If this is the case in a private quarrel, how much more is the need in a national one? And yet the Press preaches blind hatred daily. Can this bring the war to a speedier close? In the Russo-Japanese War the differences and disputes were considered irreconcilable, and yet within a decade the two nations are in alliance. This illustrates the wonderful change that national feeling can undergo.

We are told that the sole object of this war is to crush German militarism. Prussia has forced into her armies by conscription and forced alliances nationalities who had no wish to be at war with Britain. Saxons, Croats, Magyars, Czechs, Bohemians, Slovaks, we and our Allies are killing off daily; some of these hate Prussia as much as we do, and are yet compelled by the worst form of abject slavery to fight her battles. Killing these subject races is quite different from crushing German militarism. It is not touching one-tenth of the guilty, for they had no power to stop or force the war, and even of those who went into it willingly, it is conceded on all sides that they are not entirely to blame, for they had grown up under the teaching of a wicked and pernicious doctrine in the schools, and had been misled by untruths and lying diplomacy. To kill these men is not killing militarism. The rulers, teachers, and men of power who preached, planned, and forced the war, are not

being punished, for they are not in the trenches. It is common belief that the people who want peace most are the soldiery, and if a plébiscite were taken of the fighting enemy any kind of peace would be voted for within a fortnight. The Germans who are most vindictive and criminal are those who are not in the firing line; they are the people who give the orders to submarine and Zeppelin commanders to commit their atrocities. It is highly probable that the most pacific section of Germany will, in the future, be composed of those who have gone through the furnace of war. Twenty years hence the manhood of military age in Germany will be as numerous as ever, and the more there are left of those who know of hells of warfare the better it will be for the peace of Europe; they will be the anti-militarist party, and, when they know the truth, may deal far more efficaciously with their rulers than we can, with all our victories.

The war has now lasted over two years; if it continues with the same loss of life and treasure for another two years—quite a possibility if one considers its enormous extent over the whole of Europe, and the fact that the advantages gained on one front are often counter-balanced by the losses on another—it will bring to the eyes of the Asiatic and Ethiopian a vast cemetery composed of the world's finest, the Aryan, race. They will consider Christianity a failure and European progress turned into a retrograde movement towards barbarism. The protagonists, Britain and Germany, will find that the phantom of world supremacy is in neither hand, for while mutual destruction has been going on in Europe the United States will have profited by the struggle to an enormous extent; treasure will have flowed across the Atlantic by hundreds of millions. While the cost of living is 60 per cent. higher here a wave of prosperity is rushing over America. When peace comes this prosperity, together with the opportunities of freedom from military service, will attract enormous numbers of Europeans who wish to avoid the crushing burden of taxation and the impoverished condition of life which the war must inevitably leave. The European carnage is placing the world's trade and power in the hands of the United States, and when the war is over and racial animosity restrains the trading intercourse of the European Powers this will give America opportunities for expansion into new markets. Already her population is twice the population of Britain, her natural resources are infinitely greater, and, being comparatively free of war taxation, she must appear an attractive land for those who despair of making good the havoc caused by this holocaust. Vast numbers of Germans will emigrate to America to avoid the conscription of their children and the burden of debt which posterity will have to pay. These factors should compel attention, for they show that the longer the war lasts the less will become our relative ascendancy as the world's greatest power.

When Germany comes with peace offers it will be an advantage if the hatred, vindictiveness, and passion caused by her unspeakable crimes are laid aside and cool reasoning used when dealing with the offers. A prolonged war, if victorious in the end, may be far more calamitous to the British Empire than a peace gained now which may not obtain everything that is wanted.—Yours, &c.,

NEAL GREEN.

Humberston Avenue, near Grimsby.
August 16th, 1916.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONSCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some months ago you described in one of your "middle" articles the sitting of the Guildhall Tribunal, at which Mr. Clifford Allen was granted exemption from military service on condition that he should do "work of national importance." There is now a further stage to note in this history. He adhered to his conviction that in the present plight of the nation the only "important" work is work for peace, and he refused to do any other. After sundry formalities his certificate of exemption has been withdrawn, and he has been arrested and sent to a combatant corps. The logic of this decision deserves some scrutiny. Here is a young man who is not merely a Conscientious

Objector, but a leader in this movement of protest against war. No one questions the depth and sincerity of his beliefs. From the first days of the war onward he has written and spoken against this war and against all war. A pamphlet of his has been suppressed, and he is, as everyone knows, the Chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship. The Appeal Tribunal unanimously decided that he had a "conscience" within the meaning of the Act, and everyone, tribunal, magistrate, and military representative, has treated him in his eventful pilgrimage through the courts with the courtesy and respect which sincerity, when it is combined with ability and dignity, can usually inspire in decent people. None the less, the end of the whole matter is that this undoubted Conscientious Objector, the typical exponent of the extremer position, is ordered, not to prison, nor even to the non-combatant corps, but to the fighting ranks. There will now be, I suppose, the usual routine of disobedience to orders, court-martial, and a lengthy term of imprisonment. The failure of the legal machinery to carry out the intentions of Parliament could hardly be more evident. Both the Military Service Acts provided for the possibility of absolute exemption in such cases, and as a matter of fact over sixty absolute certificates have been granted to Conscientious Objectors, of which, I believe, some twenty-five are still valid. One would have supposed that Mr. Allen's was clearly one of these "exceptional cases" which, according to Mr. Long's circulars, were entitled to this relief.

It is late in the day to open up the whole question whether anti-militarists are right in their refusal to accept the way of escape provided for them in "alternative service," and I, who do not fully share their theoretical position, am not the person to do it. One point, however, I would like to make, and I may do it the more freely, because while I know and respect many of them, I am not myself one of them. I believe that the motive which has ultimately led most of them to refuse the concessions offered to them, is a dread lest they should palter with their convictions, and a shrinking, natural to moral bravery, from the easier and less unpopular course. It would have been simple to drift into a non-combatant corps. It would have been easier still to go and work on a railway or a farm. Most of these young men have a high sense of social duty. To seem to stand aside when their country is in need and pain is, emotionally, the difficult and uncomfortable course. The sense of moral isolation which they feel in this position is perhaps the most painful experience which any sensitive man could endure in war-time. If, none the less, they refuse what would be for most of them the emotionally comfortable course, it is only because they believe that a passive protest, even by a small minority, against war and the whole national organization for war, may in the end do something to strengthen the better will of mankind. The onlooker may think their faith too sanguine, and their logic too individualistic; but if they err, I am convinced that theirs is the error of brave and deeply conscientious men, who fear to be easy with themselves, and shrink from the comfortable course.

When Mr. Lloyd George announced that he did not mean to make things easy for these men, he was, I am convinced, influenced by a much too simple psychology. The War Office has acted, presumably, from the outset, on the natural assumption that unless it made the way of objectors hard, a good many "shirkers" might discover a conscience. That is the explanation of the early apparatus of terrorism, the death sentences, the commutation to penal servitude, and the physical brutalities in prison. That is also why even "work of national importance" is treated not as a service in which a man will wish to give his best, but as a semi-punitive discipline, in which he must be made to do something useful but disagreeable. These precautions were exaggerated. The Conscientious Objector was from the first so unpopular, that only a deep and sincere faith would induce a man to face the odium of the position. In any event, the risk is past that any young man in search of an easy life would now choose the career of a Conscientious Objector. The last claims have been sent in, and everyone who wrote himself down a protestant against war knew that he was facing unpopularity, brutalities, and penalties. The danger of a general rush to share in the privilege of the pillory and the condemned

cell is now over. Now, at length, the harshness may be dropped without the risk of abuse. It is, I think, obvious that the "shirkers," if any of them have slipped through our niggardly network of tolerance, are to be found, not among the uncompromising resisters, but among the more easy consciences, who were willing to make military roads behind the front. That was the alternative which a man would choose whose real motive was fear. The various tests and ordeals imposed by the War Office have ensured that only very brave and obstinate men will emerge in the final class of those who refuse all concessions and compromises. The risk of abuse in their case is nil, and I suspect that in his heart Mr. Lloyd George (who has himself fought against war recklessly and boldly) knows that it is precisely these men who are, by their cool courage and their rigid logic, entitled to the respect which our English tradition pays to conscience. When once their numbers are fixed, and cannot well be increased, the only reasonable and tolerant course is to release them on furlough without further persecution. We alone among the peoples of Europe have been civilized enough to recognize conscience formally. We alone have been humane enough to shrink from the brutality of shooting the resolute pacifist. In spite of much stupidity and inconsistency that distinction remains. Are we so little aware of the qualities which made our title to national pride, that we must dull and besmirch them by petty hesitations in following the logic of our tolerance?—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Harmer Green, Welwyn. August 14th, 1916.

THE LILLE DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I venture, even at the risk of being called pro-German, to protest against a sentence in Mr. Haynes's letter of August 7th. He states that the Germans "are now forcing the daughters of Lille into prostitution in the German trenches." In the name of that English respect for fair play which is due even to an enemy, may one ask Mr. Haynes what jot or tittle of evidence exists for his statement? The Germans maintain that they have temporarily transferred a number of young men and women from Lille to other parts of the occupied departments in order to help in the harvest. We have every right to protest against these compulsory measures in an occupied territory, but we really gain nothing by such crude and reckless utterances as that of Mr. Haynes.

Surely, we have quite enough genuine horrors in the war without inventing fresh ones.—Yours, &c.,

E. N. BENNETT (Capt.).

Bath Club, W. August 15th, 1916.

"STREET GAMES, OLD AND NEW."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your very enjoyable survey of children's street games, with its description of Mr. Norman Douglas's catalogue of the present-day London street games as "squalid, sordid, and depressing," and its allusion to other days and a vision of the world of history in which children "dance and sing" and "fill the evening streets" recalls a memory of a Sunday evening in Dublin a few years ago which, perhaps, could hardly be paralleled in any other city in the three kingdoms.

The writer of your article might, indeed, have been describing what I saw, when he speaks of the children "as unaffected by the contemporary tumults as the fish swimming round and round some lilled pond on that hot August night were by the slaughter and the cries of the St. Bartholomew." For it was on a hot August night that I heard the little ring of little girls in a Dublin square singing as they went round and round lines that I shall never forget, and which I give as near the delightful Dublin brogue as I can write them, though the way in which the bedraggled youngsters observed the aspirate is hardly to be conveyed in print:—

"Wall-flow-ers, wall-flow-ers, grow-en up so hoi,
Wee're all pritty maid-ens, we all have got to doi,
Exceptin' Maggie Car-r-ney, she's the noicest gu-r-rl.
Foi for sha-a-me, foi for sha-a-me,
Tor-r-n yer fa-a-ce to the wall ag-en."

In the recent lamentable events in Dublin one could not help wondering if those merry little slum children, with their inborn poetry had been suddenly brought to sorrow, and asking "On what shore tarry they now?" As I say, it was an unforgettable experience, and came at the close of a day in the Vale of Avoca, where a band of three fiddlers had played "The Meeting of the Waters" near the spot where Moore wrote the melody. One would like to think that such a scene could be witnessed in Belfast—with allowance for the accent.—Yours, &c.,

F. M. CURRAN.

53, Hillfield Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

August 15th, 1916.

"OUR CHANCE IN EDUCATION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All who have thought over the educational problem should be grateful to you for your article of last week; but will the Government be far-seeing enough to seize the opportunity? We need in the new Minister of Education much more than the ordinary political figure-head, we need constructive imagination to deal with a problem of the utmost complexity, we need an Erasmus to show the significance of the humanities in modern scientific industrialism, and we need a Thomas Cromwell to clear away the present administrative jungle.

Ministers of Education appear to follow each other with the same bewildering inconsequence as the Board's own "Inspectors," and those of us who have knowledge of the actual working of education—say, in a country district—observe that these gentlemen—"Elementary," "Secondary," "Higher," "Technical," "Art," "Agricultural"—come tumbling on each other's heels, know nothing of each other's work, and, just when they begin to get some glimmering of what the educational needs of a district really are, disappear! Co-ordination there is none. Meantime, the Central Authority and the Local Authority are, thanks to the amazing folly of the Act of 1902, in chronic confusion, and each strong enough to paralyze the other's work. All over the country are futile Committees, Boards of "Managers" and "Governors," ostensibly there to look after education, but whose real job is the guarding of property, and the watching of finance, usually on behalf of ratepayers. In effect they do not help, but hinder education; they do not understand it, and they are usually appointed for political and social considerations. The teachers meantime are underpaid and neglected, and anything in the nature of educational experiment is no longer possible.

The whole question has now to be taken seriously, the "deadheads" have got to be swept out, our point of view has got to become national and no longer local. We are apt to forget that our "system" of education, such as it is, was made by English "gentlemen" and "employers of labor," who never regarded it as having any reference to themselves or their own children. They played with it benevolently "de haut en bas." They had paid for their own education at public school or college, because they were a privileged class. Are we to wait until the democracy tells us plainly "that of such is the present Parliament"?

In truth, the time for all this is over. Letters and messages I have received from young soldiers in the trenches, on the education question, would open the eyes of our mandarins. We need democratic education now, and we do not want it on the German model. We want something better and more intelligent than that. But before all we have to think out clearly what it is we *do* want, and what should be the underlying principles to guide the want. Much of our education is rotten, some of it is very good, much again is imperfect. Of immediate practical needs the greatest is administrative reform, for it is not so much that we need money as that we need brains. We need the saving of waste, and we need the means by which the men who know, and who have constructive imagination, may be given power to act.—Yours, &c.,

C. R. ASHBEE.

Campden, Gloucestershire,

August 16th, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It seems strange that when we are brought to recognize the insufficiency of our educational system in one particular direction, that direction alone should be ignored in the tentative selection of a Minister of Education. This is the more striking that the article that raises the question in *THE NATION* is admirably broadminded in tone. We need hardly depart from the eligible politicians to find a better candidate than a rather narrow historian like Mr. Fisher, or a pedagogue like Mr. Sadler. Lord Haldane would be far and away superior to either as an organizer, as he has a real appreciation of the value of science.

Sir Henry Miers is an obvious choice from among educationalists. He possesses a wider experience than either Mr. Fisher or Dr. Sadler, and, being a man of science, could be trusted to know upon what lines the curriculum has erred in the past. Indeed, he has recently outlined most admirably a scheme upon which our educational system should be recast, and I trust his name will not be left out of consideration.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. O'NEILL.

5, Queen Square, W.C.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Owing to absence from home, I fear I may be too late to ask to be allowed to say that the view of immortality which Mr. Edward Clodd evidently shares with Samuel Butler (whom I know he reckoned, when alive, among his many friends) seems to me to be not only scientific, but spiritual and full of promise for civilization, if it could be spread. Perhaps when Christians cease to occupy themselves with narrow questions of personal survival after death, and, attaining to Butler's serene indifference and knowledge, proceed to concern themselves seriously with the conditions under which they will survive on earth in the persons of their descendants (not only "on the lips of men," but actually in their bodies), we may arrive at the Kingdom of God "on earth as it is in heaven."

Paradoxically all the churches teach the unity and continuity of life and the importance of the body *after* death—in eternity but not in time. "The Communion of Saints, the Resurrection of the body and the Life Everlasting," possess a scientific aspect which might have more effect on civilization in a short period than a superstitious and individual view of Christianity has had in the course of two thousand years. The soul and body of man, and of all men, are indivisible. In this, I think, lies the importance of Samuel Butler's teaching.—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR JACOBS.

Port Gaverne, North Cornwall.

FORCED MILITARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It may be that Mr. Coulton has demonstrated that universal service does not make for despotism. It may be that it is as favorable to peace as any other form of military organization. But still the root of the matter is not touched, and while the war lasts I believe it cannot be properly discussed. An incident that occurred to me some little time ago may serve as a parable.

I was walking my bicycle up hill and got into conversation with a villager who was doing the same. I asked him the inevitable question, "Were there many from his village at the war?" In his reply he spoke of two, and told me quite spontaneously of the effect of the military training and the camp life upon them; neither of them had yet been abroad. One, a good-for-nothing fellow, a slouching idler and worse, had come back enormously improved. The other, a steady young fellow, had come back from the new life changed utterly for the worse. "He had been the soberest young chap, and now he was all for drink and women." The problem of compulsory military service for all seemed to me to be stated by my unknown companion in its most direct form. But this is not the time to discuss it. Whatever the answer, we have got to win through this war. We have thrown into the gulf some of our liberties, and the lives of tens of thousands of our young men. We shall not shrink from moral risks. But when the peace

comes the question will require the most careful discussion, by methods different from those which Mr. Coulton employs.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. GRANT.

Leeds. August 16th, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There still seem to be many people who think that the case of genuine Conscientious Objectors has been met by recent concessions. Will you allow me, therefore, to bring to your notice a case whose treatment does not seem to accord with the law? Let no one think the Conscientious Objector himself is complaining. He would be the last to do so. I only write because it seems to me such an appalling state of affairs that the law of the land should be ignored, and that we, as a nation, through the tribunals, should be trying to force a man to act against his conscience.

On April 10th Mr. ——— appeared before a local tribunal; but, though his convictions were admitted to be genuinely and sincerely held, and though he said he could not accept non-combatant service, but was willing to do work of national importance, he was only granted exemption from combatant service. Since then he has been before two appeal tribunals, one on May 9th and one on August 10th. On each occasion the judges said they did not doubt his sincerity, but upheld the first sentence. The last chairman said he did not see why he should alter previous decisions; yet his was a review court!

Mr. ——— has filled up the list of questions prepared for Conscientious Objectors, and has obtained the letters necessary as a proof of his sincerity—one from a professor, one from a soldier, and one from the accountant in the bank in which he worked. On account of his conscientious objections to war he has been asked to resign his position in the bank, where he had been for thirteen years, and he is at present working in a Y.M.C.A. hut. He has asked for exemption conditional on his remaining in this work or taking up other work of national importance in the Pelham Committee list.

The tribunals still seem to wish to force a man to their point of view, instead of confining themselves to verifying the sincerity of his convictions.—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHY AGLAND.

Glasgow. August 14th, 1916.

Poetry.

REUNION.

LISTEN a little space in these still hours,
While nightingales entice the stars to fall.
See how they slip across the sky in showers;
Star ships that hurry to the siren's call. . . .
We shall not hear again so rare a chorus,
We shall not ever know such scented flowers.
Since time's beginning, they have waited for us,
Storing up loveliness, created ours.

With what sure footsteps and unhesitating,
Have I come back to you beyond recall.
This is our night: Oh hour worth the waiting.
When, like the tired steed, the heart's in stall.
To-morrow there'll be question and debating;
Only, to-night I would not speak at all.

W. G. S. (Captain)

France.

THE TWO HARVESTS.

RED-GOLD the wheat swells to the fostering sun,
Ripe for the sickle; soon the swaying sheaves
Will load the creaking wain, and, harvest won,
Make food for men and thatch for bird-lov'd eaves.

But all unripe that other harvest red,
Where the foul Reaper mows and piles his dead.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln." By H. B. Rankin. (Putnam. 9s. net.)
 "Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England." By Donald Hankey and Others. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Book of Sorrow." Edited by Andrew Macphail. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)
 "Gilded Vanity." By Richard Dehan. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "La Vocation." Par Avesnes (Comte de Blois). (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

A FRIEND who likes to watch Mr. Britling "seeing it through," remarked the other day on the small amount of conversation in Mr. Wells's novel. It has, he said, plenty of talk, but very little real conversation. Mr. Britling and Mr. Direck have a fine gift of monologue, but it can be said of either of them what Madame de Staël said of Coleridge, "il ne sait pas le dialogue." My friend did not complain of this; he recognized that it was essential to Mr. Wells's method, and he doubted whether any other would be so effective. But he extended his remarks to a lament upon the decay of conversation in modern novels, as well as in modern life. Conversation, he declared pessimistically, is becoming a lost art, while if you look through the list of English novelists you will find very few who have been masters of its literary presentation. So many arts—epic poetry, oratory, letter-writing, and the making of salads—have been "going," "going" for such an unconscionable time, that part at any rate of this lament may be disregarded. And when it comes to the literary presentation of conversation, a wise reader will look for it in books other than novels. Boswell is, of course, the supreme master of the art, and I would put Hazlitt's "Conversations of James Northcote" a good second. Carlyle, for a man who was so loquacious on the virtues of silence, has been fortunate in those who have reported his talk. I would not include his official biographer among the best of these, but would give that rank to Moncure Conway and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The latter's "Conversations with Carlyle" is a most entertaining book. Among living writers, Mr. Lionel Tollemache's records of conversations with celebrities deserve a high place.

CONVERSATION in novels seldom gives the impression of the real thing. Nobody ever talked like Meredith's characters. People may wish that they could, but they don't, and their hearers are thankful. The same is true of Bulwer Lytton's novels, some of which I have been reading lately. The talk is brilliant, but it has neither spontaneity nor ease. Disraeli's epigrammatic conversations are more amusing, though they, too, show effort and smell of the lamp. Thomas Love Peacock's novels are little more than conversations, but here, again, no human being ever talked like Dr. Folliott or Mr. Chainmail, or Mr. MacQuedy. They are all types, and they talk in character. I have lately discovered that Peacock numbers more admirers than I had believed. He has humor, wit, irony, and style, and he is always swayed by his own prejudices, yet, oddly enough, it is difficult to determine his own views on the subjects he was so fond of airing. This was a cause of regret to the first Lord Houghton, who took Peacock's novels more seriously than their author. "The intimate friends of Mr. Peacock," he wrote, "may have understood his political sentiments, but it is extremely difficult to discover them from his work." The political sentiments of Dickens and Thackeray are fairly clear to their readers, yet this is not due to the conversations in their novels. Neither stands aside and allows his characters to express themselves without some supervision and the frequent assistance of a chorus. One of the best comments I have seen on the conversation in Mr. Hardy's novels has been made by Mr. Herbert Paul: "His peasants, who seem to talk like a book, are such stuff as books are made of. Their conversation is genuine. Nobody would have dared to invent it."

WHAT are the requisites of good conversation in a novel? A few are obvious. It should be natural, should reveal

the speaker's character, should not delay the action of the story, and (I add as a personal predilection) should give the book an air of sprightliness as if the author did it without any effort. "Horace Walpole," says Pinkerton in "Walpoliana"—a book that deserves to be reprinted with the preface, which is the best part, and is only to be found in the first edition—"was not one of those who regarded conversation as an exercise of gladiatorial talents, or who study moral maxims, or arrange *bon-mots* to be introduced into future colloquies: complete ease and carelessness he regarded as the chief charms of conversation." If we apply these tests to the English novelists, I have little doubt that first place must be given to Jane Austen. The conversation, in the Pump-room at Bath, between Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe is a model of the art, and so is that in the second chapter of "Sense and Sensibility," when Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood discuss the maintenance of the former's mother and sisters. And Jane Austen does what few writers achieve; she describes conversations without actually reporting them.

"CONVERSATION in Trollope's books," says a writer whom I have already quoted, Mr. Herbert Paul, "seldom reaches, and never maintains a high level. 'O Nature and Menander,' exclaims an ancient enthusiast, 'which of you copied the other?' 'O Mr. Trollope and second-rate society,' asked a modern joker, 'which of you copied the other?'" I emphatically dissent from both Mr. Paul and the modern joker, and as evidence for my case I would offer either the contest between Dr. Tempest and Mrs. Proudie, or Lady Glencora's midnight interview with Alice, or—perhaps best of all—the conversation at Mrs. Proudie's reception, when Signora Neroni makes her first appearance, and Mr. Ethelbert Stanhope informs the Bishop of Barchester that he, too, once thought of becoming a bishop:—

"Is there much to do here at Barchester?" continued Bertie.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well; I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson—a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best."

Mr. Frederic Harrison comes nearer than Mr. Paul to the truth about Trollope, when he says that the conversations are "lively, true, and natural, free from forced eloquence or labored wit."

CANONS for the conduct of conversation apply both to literature and to life. One of the best is Sydney Smith's: "Take as many half moments as you can get, but never talk half a minute without pausing and giving others an opportunity to strike in." The literary society in which Sidney Smith lived neglected this advice. The talk at Rogers's breakfasts and the Holland House dinners was a series of monologues rather than conversation. Rogers himself was an offender, and many thrusts have been made at Macaulay's determination to prevent others from talking. One of the most feeling is by Charles Greville. "It was wonderful," he notes in his diary, "how quiet the house was after Macaulay had gone, and it was not less agreeable." And Macaulay was but *primus inter pares*. "If there is anyone here who wishes to say anything," Rogers exclaimed at one of his breakfasts, "he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." Small wonder that a French visitor to one of these gatherings, as he saw Macaulay in the tide of eloquence, and noted the attitude of others in the company, whispered to a neighbor: "S'il tousse, il est perdu." Another caution that deserves attention is not to confuse conversation with the art of the *raconteur*. "Of all bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate his species," wrote De Quincey, "the most insufferable is the teller of good stories." De Quincey is one of the few famous talkers who was also an excellent listener, and he must have suffered severely to pronounce such a verdict.

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Reviews.

POETS AS CONSOLERS.

"The Book of Sorrow." By ANDREW MACPHAIL. (Oxford University Press. 6s. net.)

ONE's first instinct, on looking at a new anthology, is to quarrel with the anthologist. There are only two great anthologies in the English language—"The Golden Treasury" and "The Oxford Book of Verse"—and even they have been found fault with. For our part, we are charitably disposed to any anthologist who includes nothing that is not good. He may omit what he pleases, so long as he does not affront us by including bad verse. And, indeed, for peace's sake, we would even allow him to include ten bad poems. Each of us probably has a tenderness for some bad poem or other, owing to its associations, and the anthology should reveal the anthologist in his frailties as well as in his good taste. We are afraid, however, Mr. Macphail has gone beyond his allowance of ten bad poems in "The Book of Sorrow," an anthology of verse mainly about death. And his book asks to be judged by a high standard, as it comes from the publisher, and with much of the air, of "The Oxford Book of Verse."

The first thing that caught our eye when we opened the book was Mr. Kipling's "Gentlemen Rankers." We concluded that Mr. Macphail's collection must not, after all, be confined to poems about graves and worms and epitaphs, but must embrace every imaginable sorrow. But no, there is little in the book unconnected with death, and the editor offers it definitely as "a comfort to other hearts." Surely, if he desired a poem by Mr. Kipling, he ought to have given us "Kabul River," which is not only a lament for a lost comrade, but a good poem, rather than "Gentlemen Rankers," which has nothing to do with death and is merely clever jingle. But this error, we fear, is characteristic of the book. In at least one-half of the poems chosen, the second-rate has been given the place which belongs to the first-rate, and some of the greatest poems of sorrow in the English language are omitted.

It is unfair, perhaps, to complain that there are no quotations from the Bible. At the same time, as a book of sorrow and a book of comfort the volume should have contained David's lament for Jonathan, and passages from "Job" and the Psalms and "Ecclesiastes" and "Isaiah," as well as from the Gospels and Paul. Again, we do not feel that the best has been made of Shakespeare. We should have been glad of passages from "Hamlet" and "Lear" and "Macbeth" and "Richard II.," which are not to be found here. As we have said, we could tolerate the omission of these if nothing second-rate were offered us in their place. But the absence of:—

"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow,"
seems a real grievance when the page that might have had room for it is filled by Mr. Herbert Edwin Clarke's poem, beginning:—

"Lo, I am weary of all,
Of men and their love and their hate;
I have been long enough life's thrall,
And the toy of a tyrant fate."

Similarly, one might overlook the omission of Webster's beautiful "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren," were it not that we find a page devoted to George Henry Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier," which begins:—

"Close his eyes; his work is done.
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?"

"Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know:
Lay him low!"

And might not "Full Fathom Five" have worthily occupied the space given up to Richard Realf's "Is the grave deep, dear?" :—

"Is the grave deep, dear? Deeper still is love.
They cannot hide thee from a Father's heart.
Thou liest below, and I stand here above,
Yet we are not apart. . . ."

"Mine eyes ache for thee; God's heaven is so high—
We cannot see its singers; when thou dost
With thy lark's voice make palpitant all the sky,
I moan and pine the most."

It may be that many persons will be moved by verse like this. But they will be moved by it as they are moved by hymns. They will be moved by it as by death-bed scenes in popular novels. The thoughts of death and of a father's love are in themselves very moving things, even in a drawing-room ballad. But there are too many poems in "The Book of Sorrow" in which death is made commonplace with sentimentality rather than given the dignity of literature.

Such a book as this, we think, should draw largely on the old ballads. We should have had "The Four Maries" and "Clerk Saunders" at least. How much more imaginatively they express the grief of the earth than the multitude of rotund sonnets which Mr. Macphail has admitted on such easy terms! Mr. Macphail does not seem to have realized that it is the easiest thing in the world to write a fairly bad sonnet. Or a fairly good one, which is almost the same thing. There is nothing to be said against most of the sonnets which he has included except that they ought not to be here. From Shakespeare to Christina Rossetti there are, perhaps, twenty writers of sonnets who can move us, but the average sonnet is merely an exercise in alabaster eloquence. We may quote as a type of many of the sonnets in "The Book of Sorrow" one called "A Symphonic Study," by Emma Lazarus:—

"Hark! from unfathomable deeps a dirge
Swell sobbing through the melancholy air:
Where love had entered, Death is also there.
The wail outrings the chafed, tumultuous surge;
Ocean and earth, the illimitable skies,
Prolong one note, a mourning for the dead,
The city of souls not to be comforted.
What piercing music! Funeral visions rise,
And send the hot tears raining down our cheek.
We see the silent grave upon the hill
With its lone lilac bush. O heart, be still!
She will not rise, she will not stir or speak.
Surely, the unreturning dead are blest.
Ring on, sweet dirge, and knell us to our rest!"

We confess that to us a sonnet of this kind means no more than a mouthful of cotton wool.

It may be that Mr. Macphail had the general reader rather than the lover of literature in his mind in compiling his anthology. At least one would have thought so, if he did not confess in an introduction that he made it "for private luxury." One must regard it with respect as a perfectly sincere commonplace book. One cannot, however, admit his claim that "this book of verse contains all that has been said, all, indeed, that can be said upon the theme of sorrow." Some of the deepest utterances on death in the English language are not here. Surely no anthology of the kind is complete without Meredith's "Dirge in Woods." Perhaps the best way of criticizing the sentimental verse we have already quoted is to put this beside them:—

"A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so."

To exclude this was bad. To exclude Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine" was scarcely less so. It seems to us, if one quotes Swinburne at all—and Mr. Macphail does quote him—on the subject of death, this is the poem that ought to have been chosen before all others.

Mangan is another bad omission. Why should an anthologist give us Tom Moore's tinkling lines, "The World is all a Fleeting Show" and ignore Mangan's "Gone in the Wind," with its great opening:—

"Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the
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Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind."

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And Mangan's "O, Woman of the Piercing Wail!" and "The Nameless One" ought also to be here. Mangan wrote the poetry of sorrow with a genius beyond most of the poets of the nineteenth century. There is in him something ineffectual as there is in Francis Thompson. But what a new imagination stumbles to life in his work! And, as for Moore, if anything was to be quoted from him, why not his sincerest poem, "She is Far from the Land"?

Yet another mistake of the editor was to give us a middling verse translation of the most famous passage in Moschus's lament for Bion instead of the far more simple and moving prose of Andrew Lang's version. We give the two versions for comparison. Here is Mr. M. J. Chapman's, quoted by Mr. Macphail:—

"Alas! alas! when in a garden fair,
Mallows, crisp dill, or parsley yields to fate,
These with another year regerminate;
But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down,
We sleep—for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown."

And here is Lang's prose:—

"Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and endless, and unawakening sleep."

It may be said of these versions that the prose is poetry, while the poetry is prose.

The literary standards of the book may be stated in a sentence. There are seven passages quoted from Mrs. Hemans and three from Robert Browning. "O, Lyric Love," from "The Ring and the Book," is not here, nor is "Any Wife to Any Husband," nor is "Apparent Failure," and we could extend the list of "misses" for half a column. Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" is not given, and instead of having Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington we have Sir Owen Seaman's lines on the death of Lord Roberts. There is nothing by Mr. Yeats and nothing by Mr. Hardy. That there is no quotation from "The Shropshire Lad" is possibly Mr. A. E. Housman's fault, as he is known to object to his work being used in anthologies. On the other hand, we are given Tennyson's "Where Claribel Low-lieth," and Stephen Phillips's poem beginning:—

"O, thou art put to many uses, sweet!
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in spring;
But yet! . . ."

And a poem on the women of France in war-time, ending:—

"So!—until France lay down the votive sword,
And, having spent her souls to fight and win,
She garner peace—proclaim the vaunted word:
Women of France have brought the harvest in."

There is little of the grim humor of death in the book, though a quotation from Justice Shallow is given. We wish the editor had also included Mr. Hardy's "The Levelled Churchyard," with its ghastly laughter over the poor dead whose gravestones had been mixed up in the levelling. We quote three verses in case some reader may not remember the poem:—

"We late-lamented, resting here,
Are mixed to human jam,
And each to each exclaims in fear:
'I know not which I am.'"

"The wicked people have annexed
The verses on the good;
A roaring drunkard sports the text
Teetotal Tommy should! . . ."

"There's not a modest maiden elf
But dreads the final Trumpet,
Lest half of her should rise herself,
And half some local strumpet!"

But the truth is we would like to re-make the anthology as we would like to re-make nearly every anthology we know. Probably our judgment would coincide with Mr. Macphail's as regards almost every other poem he has chosen. But he has been far, far too kind to minor and modern authors. As a result, his book is not as it ought to have been, a book of consolation and of noble literature. It is so in pieces, but it is not so as a whole.

THE PROBLEM OF EMPIRE.

"The Commonwealth of Nations. Part I." Edited by
L. CURTIS. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

IN this volume Mr. Curtis presents to the public the historical foundations upon which he and the "Round Table Groups" base the conclusions arrived at in "The Problem of the Commonwealth." Those conclusions, it will be remembered, resolved themselves into an earnest and stately plea for the remoulding of the constitution of the British Empire, for the assumption by the Dominion electorates of the control of foreign affairs, and for the foundation of an Imperial Parliament. The importance of these proposals does not consist so much in their novelty—in fact, there is little novelty in them—as in the skill and knowledge, the thoroughness and earnestness and sober idealism with which they are placed before the public. These admirable qualities are calculated to exercise a peculiar seductiveness upon anyone who is a Briton, and it is necessary, therefore, while giving them their due meed of praise, not to allow oneself to be seduced by this sumptuous British solidity from very critically considering how Mr. Curtis bridges the logical gap between the historical foundations and his political conclusions.

The book, not only in its flavor and savor, but intellectually and logically, is extraordinarily British. It could have been produced nowhere but in the Empire which it wants to reconstruct. It is the apotheosis of empiricism in the sciences of government and politics. British principles of freedom, empire, and government have been learnt in the stern but narrow school of experience; we, more than any other people, have acquired an instinctive political sense through the same process by which a poodle learns to open a door, by the process called scientifically "trial and error." Mr. Curtis and his fellow-workers have inherited the rich traditions of political and empirical wisdom which a long line of practical ancestors, who abhorred abstract thought, have been amassing since William the Conqueror. Consequently, their book is full of that homely and instinctive sagacity which can point a political moral for to-day from historical errors and achievements. Many of the practical lessons which Mr. Curtis draws for us from the rise and fall of the Empires of Athens and Rome, from the consolidation of the State within the United Kingdom, and from the schism upon the continent of America in 1782, are original, important, and interesting. But the empiricist who turns prophet or preacher has to make use of argument or abstract thought. Unlike the poodle, he not only has to open the door, but to convince other people how and why the door should be opened. It is possible that Mr. Curtis may have discovered empirically the golden key to the gate of government, but his explanation of it is vitiated by the ineradicable British horror of abstract thought, by his innate shrinking from leaving the easy, happy land of experience for the hard and ugly one of logic. For instance, it is of vital importance for his thesis that he should be quite clear what he really means by his "Commonwealth," and that he should be equally clear as to the relation between Government and Liberty within it. But he never faces these difficult and fundamental questions. He sometimes speaks as if the State or Commonwealth were a body of persons who freely dedicated themselves to subordinate their individual interests to the collective interests. But that description answers to no State with which we are familiar upon the solid earth, and therefore more often than not he seems to agree with Treitschke that the State is simply power. Over and over again, the one quality of the State which he insists and harps upon is the "unlimited authority which it claims over the conduct of its members." Not only is the power absolute, but the bond which binds the citizen to the State is immutable (page 34). Moreover, the exercise of the power, i.e., government, is to be confined only to those citizens who are judged to be capable of exercising it, though nothing is said as to how and by whom the capacity to share in governing is to be judged. Hence, Mr. Curtis finds the justification for the ruling of India and subject races within the British Empire, for first every member of the Empire is absolutely dedicated to unlimited obedience, and those who exercise the power are nobly educating those who do not



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share it to be capable of sharing it after a few centuries. Now, of course, if everyone in the Empire were as wise, as unselfish, and as idealistic as the authors of this book, an empire constructed on these lines might well be "the noblest project of freedom that the world has seen"; if those who govern were, as Mr. Curtis seems to assume (page 627), always unselfish, and if by the gift of divine wisdom they always knew when to withhold and when to bestow the right of self-government upon the governed, then perhaps it would also be safe to assume that the governed are "dedicated" to unlimited and immutable obedience to those who govern. Mr. Curtis has not faced the question, empirically insoluble, of what the nature of the State or Commonwealth should be, and of the relation between government and liberty. His arguments, which are intended to justify the refusal of self-government to India, would also justify the German government of the Poles or the Magyar domination of Slavs—and clearly an argument which justifies both these sets of facts really justifies neither.

Most people, one might imagine, would have been taught by the history of modern Germany the disastrous results of a deification of the State and State absolutism. You cannot avoid those results by merely calling the State a commonwealth. Mr. Curtis is very definite as to the absolutism, but when it comes to the question of freedom, he only gives us such extremely vague statements as that "true freedom means that men, by reaping what they sow, shall learn with what seeds and how best to sow again and again." This vagueness is directly due to the avoidance of abstract thinking, and it is the same avoidance which renders unconvincing Mr. Curtis's arguments for the reconstruction of the Empire so far as the Dominions are concerned. His empirical conclusion is, roughly, that no man can be a citizen of two States. Citizenship implies absolute obedience to the authority of the State, and for some, but not all citizens, a sharing in the responsibilities and duties of Government. A system under which Canada, for example, has no control of foreign affairs and no responsibility for the defence of the State, leaves the Canadian virtually a citizen of two States, Canada and the British Empire. The result, as the history of the American Colonies showed, must eventually be a schism in the Commonwealth, because some time or other circumstances will compel the individual to make a choice as to which State is to claim his absolute obedience. The only solution is to define in a written Constitution the responsibilities of the Canadian to the State to which he owes absolute obedience—namely, the British Empire. Now, Mr. Curtis's conclusion may or may not be true, but the arguments by which he arrives at it are vitiated by fallacies. He does not define accurately what he means by sovereignty and independent sovereign States, and he therefore assumes that the Dominions are separate sovereign States (page 628). He assumes this because he wishes to argue that "whenever one commonwealth has to be fashioned from two or more States," such operation requires "a project of political construction consciously devised" (page 626). But the Dominions are not in any real sense of the words sovereign, independent, or separate States. By defining the absolute obedience which the Australian owes to the Empire, by giving him representation in an Imperial Parliament, and by making him responsible for his share in the foreign policy and defence of the Empire, you will not ensure his allegiance to the whole rather than to the part. There is no magic to ensure allegiance in a "political construction consciously devised." Here, again, Mr. Curtis seems to be carried away by his conception of the State as a mere Power or Authority. He seems to think that the Empire can be permanently welded together by a declaration and definition of its absolute right to the absolute obedience of its citizens. Such a declaration and definition will no more ensure in the future a consciousness of citizenship of the Empire in Australia than their absence has obscured or prevented that consciousness during the present war. It is as easy to cause the disruption of a Commonwealth like the British Empire by over-emphasizing the duty of obedience as by under-emphasizing it. Mr. Curtis is perfectly justified in insisting upon the anomalous nature of the bonds which bind the different parts of the Commonwealth. He has not succeeded in showing that the bonds to-day are strong enough to exist at all unless they are anomalous.

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"Backwater." By DOROTHY RICHARDSON. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"The Second Harvest." By ROBERT A. HAMBLIN. (Long. 6s.)

MR. HARRÉ's purple romance is about as American as it can be. Bulk: It grasps with brawny fingers the whole of the Pagan and Christian world in the fourth century, when the old gods finally migrated to more hospitable climes. Color: The perfume of voluptuous Alexandria, the delicious banquets of courtesans, the squanderings of vast fortunes, the austerities of cenobites in the desert, violence, torture, fanaticism, renunciation, legions of angels and devils, the spectacular convulsions of the old world, in *articulo mortis*. Language: Well, Mr. Harré, fitting treatment to theme, clothing words as well as his heroine Mary, the Venus Pandemos of Alexandria, in Syrian purple, fairly lets himself go. Here are a few crumbs from his groaning tables: "Devourously the youth kissed her hair"; "englamored gardens"; "iridescent waters of the sea"; "a vision of herself, irradiant, at the banquet tables of the rich"; "where hast thy father hid thee?"; old men, "deviated by age and experience"; "finger-tips—sweetened with erotogenous unguents"; "Mary's body respired and pulsed"; "as he was about to finish elocuting with a sweeping gesture"; "Mary's rooms were decorated with paintings, exhibiting the *liaisons* of the gods"; "the regurgitating growl of the feline as its teeth crunched into Cyprian's spine"; "fulsome inns," and "wiping leaves." As for adjectives, they have a Bacchanal time of it—"involittent," "pulsatantly," "slickerishly." The last is a primrose path in itself. Even the monks join in these verbal revels—"laetis canabus mentibus." And Mary, scorning the pedantic goose-step of the centuries, and ensnaring old Time himself for a lover, ejaculates in the best Parisian French. And Mr. Harré has not always matched the originality of his language with his material. Not that it matters in the least that the skeleton of his story was put together by Cyril of Scythopolis, in his "Life of St. Ceracius." But his borrowings from Plato's "Symposium" are—shall we say?—a little audacious, and we fancy, though we have not read the book for some time, that he owes one scene and parts of others almost in their entirety to Pierre Louys's "Aphrodite." And this hurly-burly torrent of barbaric impressions is not a little wearisome after the artistic setting, effeminate though it be, of Louys's Alexandria. Still, the book is, in its way, not displeasing. Abominably crude and shapeless as it is, it has a certain energy, a resourcefulness and ingenuousness which keep one's impatience in check. The only part in which the author becomes thoroughly tedious is when he daubs Mary's splendors and fleshly pomps and wordy conversion on his canvas in great splashes. But he writes some clever sketches about the frenzied bands of wolfish monks, who would pour in hordes into Alexandria from the desert and harry the Arians, schismatics, and pagans into an appreciation of the joys of Christianity. He has some entertaining stories of their childish self-mutilations, brutal ignorance, and superstitious terrors. Mr. Harré, indeed, makes his monks so repulsive and ludicrous that when Mary is converted and follows their example by practising austerities in the desert and repelling troops of demons, masquerading as attractive and amorous young men, our sympathy is rather warped, and we are inclined to the reflection that she simply passed from the one extremity of sexuality to the other. And with page after page of this kind of thing:—

"The horizon palpitated with shimmering films of mother-of-pearl. In the zenith dim stars panted. Milky effluvia, like luminescent miasmata rising from the water, crept through the atmosphere. Out of the waves fluttered hosts of white hands like Nereides' tapered hands, beckoning. In the trail of the boat, long lines of algæ-fire, like fiercely curled sperm, were ejaculated over the sea. A sweetish aroma exhaled from the ocean. Teasing their nostrils, it insidiously distilled into the monks' veins, stinging and inebriating their senses."

we sigh for one page of Anatole France's "Thaïs," which can do what Mr. Harré cannot in fifty.

Miss Richardson's intriguing novel, "Backwater," ought to have been much better than it is. It is



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Subscribers are asked to note that alterations of address for the current week's issue should reach the Office not later than the first post Thursday morning.

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THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS

can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to persecute the object of the allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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an ambitious story of a vigorous, dissatisfied, subtle young woman, Miriam Henderson, who is a mistress at Wordsworth House School for girls for a period of fifteen months. Part of the rambling, dissipated interest of the book is due to the fact that the author, following the recently fashionable device of reverting to the Victorian three-decker tradition, has a sequel to come in another volume. But only part; for Miss Richardson's analysis of Miriam's psychology is as yet rather incoherent. "What was there in the world?" "God! What a filthy world!" "everyone hemmed and hemmed and hemmed into it"; "oh, damn, damn, I don't know." That is about as far as Miriam gets, and we may add that though Miriam is obsessed with the sense of her own loneliness, she is certainly not unique in expressing such sentiments. It is time, indeed, that the more intelligent type of novelist went a step further than throwing off inarticulate disquietudes into the void. Such is not the way of the artist. Not that Miss Richardson belongs to the school of novelists who of recent years have, with exclamatory egoisms and insincerities, seduced readers who ought to know better. We feel all the time that such a method is with her a condescension. Her fresh and admirable remarks about education have nothing fluffy and ragged about them.

"The Second Harvest" is one of those charming, solemn, old-fashioned novels which have been swallowed up in the pert atmosphere of journalism. Cyprian Charlcote is an "Apollyon-minded" novelist, who writes books with titles like "The Black Cat and other Faunish Histories." He "inculcates the deliberate infraction of the moral law," and seeks "a hundred epicurean distractions from art and literature and the delicate creature comforts of existence." Everybody takes Cyprian with tremendous seriousness, and Miss Tolla Castries meets "my favorite author" and marries him. Profiting by his teaching, she hoists him with his own petard, and runs away with another of his admirers. Tolla's mother, as it happens, has also in the past had her moral nature curdled by Cyprian's insidious gospel, and leaves a heart-rending document on her death, revealing her temptation and fall. So that poor Cyprian suffers the extremes of poetic justice. One gets, indeed, a wonderful idea of the influence exercised by the chiselled periods of vice. Thanks to Mr. Staunton Rex, Cyprian's ex-tutor, there is a general repentance of the belligerents. But he has to pay for his periods, for Tolla, divorced by him, marries, and in course of time becomes a thoroughly domesticated matron by the side of her former lover and Cyprian's disciple. He is known by the name of Errol Gaythorpe.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." By JOHN F. BOYLE (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Irish Rebellion." By F. A. MCKENZIE. (Pearson. 1s. net.)

BOTH these books give fair and, in the main, trustworthy accounts of the recent rising and the external events that led up to it. Mr. Boyle, who is probably Irish himself, purposely avoids any attempt to estimate the underlying causes or the probable results. Mr. McKenzie, as a Canadian journalist, was permitted to see something of the last days of the fighting in Dublin, and, in spite of a few small mistakes, which will be obvious to every Irishman, he succeeds in getting very close to the main truth—very close for a stranger who hitherto had taken his ideas of Ireland from British writings or opinions. Both try to give a balanced and impartial history of the actual events in succession as they happened—a difficult task when much of the information has to be derived from violently prejudiced partisans. As sifted abstracts of the current journalistic

narratives and stories of the time, both books will be of service; but perhaps their greatest value lies in the preservation of various documents, proclamations, and officials' reports, which otherwise might be difficult to recover. Both writers would certainly agree that mere coercion under martial law is the worst possible way of dealing with Ireland, and that, as Mr. McKenzie says, executions and imprisonments will never solve our problem there.

The Week in the City.

THERE is not much of importance in the City this week. The Bank Return shows a satisfactory improvement in the stock of gold. In New York everything is quiet owing to the holidays. Here there is a little more hope of a peace settlement. But the Stock Exchange is, of course, very idle, apart from Treasury operations. The new scheme for procuring Argentine, Canadian, Scandinavian, and other securities is the inevitable successor of the American scheme. It is expensive to the taxpayer, but necessary for the purpose of maintaining our gold standard and upholding the exchanges. The arrangements are even more favorable to holders than in the former scheme. Mr. McKenna's debt statistics, given to the House of Commons last week, were most useful, and it would be a good thing if an official estimate of the debts of our Allies and enemies could be issued for comparative purposes. The exact amount of our national debt on August 10th was £2,554,000,000, and it is expected to run to £3,440,000,000 by the end of March next.

CANADIAN PACIFIC'S YEAR.

The preliminary statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the year ended on June 30th last was received on Tuesday. A final dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Common Stock is to be paid, making 10 per cent. for the year. The figures for the year show a remarkable expansion, as compared with the previous year:—

	1914-15.	1915-16.
Gross Earnings	\$ 98,865,203	129,481,885
Working Expenses	65,290,582	80,255,965
Net Earnings	33,574,621	49,225,920
Fixed Charges	10,446,510	10,306,196
Surplus	23,128,111	38,919,724
Surplus after payment of all Dividends	89,915	15,444,158
Special Income	10,969,332	9,940,955

Two years ago the surplus, after payment of all dividends for the year, was \$9,698,000, so that the company is now in a stronger position than it was when the war started. Of the 10 per cent. dividend, 7 per cent. is payable out of railway and lake and coastal steamship earnings and 3 per cent. out of special income. The yield on the Common Stock at the present quotations, allowing for the rate of exchange, is about £5 13s. per cent.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

Imports of rubber during the past three months have been declining, and the stocks at the end of July were 7,836 tons, as compared with 9,031 tons at the end of May. It is, therefore, rather difficult to explain the weak tendency of prices in recent months. There was, however, an improvement last week, especially in forward positions, but the market is still irregular, and in view of this fact it is remarkable to find such firmness in share values as has been displayed during the past week or two. Business is on quite a small scale, but there is still a difficulty in obtaining shares, and prices are consequently marked up. This applies especially to the 2s. variety, among which the recent favorites have been Bukit Selangors, Singapore Paras, Anglo-Javas, and Jugra Estates. LUCCELLUM.

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